

THE ROUND TABLE.

No. 22.—VOL. III.

New York, Saturday, February 3, 1866.

Price \$6 a Year, in Advance
Single Copies, 15 Cents

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SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS:
Ticknor & Fields. III.

CORRESPONDENCE:

London.
Philadelphia.
Walt Whitman and Secretary Harlan.

H. E. & C. H. SWEETSER, CONDUCTORS.
OFFICE: 132 NASSAU STREET.

INCENDIARY PUBLICATIONS.

THERE is, indeed, a gloomy prospect before us, and we may well despair if the moral sentiment of our people will tolerate the publication in our periodicals of such articles as that entitled "A Freedman's Story," commenced in the February number of the "Atlantic Monthly." The authentic history of the lives of incendiaries, highwaymen, and pirates, or the autobiographies and dying confessions of murderers, have not heretofore figured in the class of literature which the moral and more intelligent portion of our reading people have delighted to patronize. This story is introduced by a regular contributor of the magazine, and published professedly to show the fitness of the negro to exercise the elective franchise; and if the story of this negro be true, there are few white men in the country that excel him in hardened villainy. Yet this contributor holds him up as a model man, and by his intimations we are to conclude that should the merited halter be meted out to this instrument of the devil the writer will place him on his saints' calendar second only to John Brown.

This negro, in his youth pining for freedom, fearful of being sold away, could not pack his bundle and leave, but wantonly provoked a quarrel with his master and hurt him badly that he might have an excuse to run away. He went to Pennsylvania, lived a lawless life, in which he gloried in crimes no less than murder; converted a publican to abolitionism by setting fire to his barn in the night and watching it burn; he also set fire to the house of another Pennsylvanian in the night and saw it burn "beautifully" while he with his companions waited and watched to shoot the owner by the light of the flames when they should drive him out. So far has this "Freedman's Story" progressed. For the sake of our country, for the sake of the poor and suffering negro, and for Christianity's sake, let us have no more of it. These incidents, which the contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly" encourages this man to relate so boastfully, happened before the war; let us hope that the acts of such a fiend under the barbarous license of war may never be made public.

It is a terrible wrong to the negro to hold up so depraved a being as a worthy and well-deserving model representative of the African race, and to publish such a story approvingly in a magazine that holds the position that the "Atlantic" does. Its tendency is to encourage the lawless in their lawlessness, and, as in this case, to imbue them with the notion that they are instruments in the hands of Providence for the working-out of their own desires and passions. It also tends to increase the prejudice which exists against the negro race, encourages the shiftless and evil-minded to engage in riotous proceedings, and thus subjects them to the risk of becoming the victims of popular vengeance, that is not apt to discriminate between the good and the bad. The "Atlantic Monthly" has been the professed champion of the negro's cause, and it is certainly its duty to aid the

great numbers of negroes that are striving to improve their condition, and not to publish and praise one who, if his tale be true, would have been hung for his crimes in any portion of the State of Massachusetts, had they been committed within the jurisdiction of any of its courts.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

THE romancers often have a deal of trouble in finding or making a hero. Those who are the most successful generally draw their character-sketches from the average of men and women, and not from the world's distinguished. The heroes of common life are often more interesting and more valuable as examples than those apparent to the biographers and sketch-mongers. Grace Greenwood has thought this subject of sufficient importance to make it the substance of a lecture, and many are the honored names from common life which she weaves into the memorie tribute. Washington Irving was always delighted to discover some waif of odd experience among the common people, and most happily did his pen place it on record. There is always peculiar interest attaching to the unrecognized genius who flounders through life in erratic course, throwing out theories and suggestions from which others less inventive but more stable reap the reward. When the life of such an one is unraveled and described, it possesses an interest often equal to that which is counted more illustrious in the annals of the renowned. Our present purpose is to sketch from real life one of these unknown heroes—an erratic genius whose photograph may be recognized by many who have wondered at his eccentric and never-failing devices for keeping the wheels of life in motion.

When we say that our sketch is real, we mean that it is a perfect picture of a living man—one who is seen every day upon the streets of New York. It is not likely that any one ever thought his life worthy of record. We do not believe that he himself has so much as dreamed that any journal will ever devote an item to his humble self—unless it be his own weekly, which appears with occasional regularity. Nor is it because of any great virtue or especial mark of genius that we deem him worthy of this notice. Rather because he is a bundle of oddities, a museum of ingenious theories, and a most remarkable illustration of the old fable of "how not to do it," that we make this chronicle.

The early part of our hero's career was spent in England. So many stories are told of his strange accidents and experiences at this time that we should be at a loss to know just where to begin, and so we will commence with his voyage to this country. Instead of looking out listlessly upon the sea, or joining in the usual pastimes of ship-board, he devoted all his time to devising wondrous plans for great achievements when he should reach this country. He would cure the sick with his patent pills; he would enlighten the people with his daily newspaper; he would make great improvements in every kind of mechanical appliance; he would give a new impulse to architectural projects; he would inspire music and art with new life—in fact there was hardly anything that did not enter into the schemes of this man of prophetic promise. While engaged in his profound musings, he suddenly discovered that there was a very attractive lady among the passengers, and it was not the least of his plans that at no very distant day he would make the charming *donna bella* the sharer of his greatness and glory. This he did actually accomplish, however all his other dreams may have vanished into thin air. Arrived at last in New York, he set about his work of "splendid deeds" in good

earnest. He secured the superintendency of the erection of the first telegraph line between this city and Boston. After sundry mishaps, and divers accidents to himself and the horses which carried him back and forth between the two cities, the work was at last partially finished, and the superintendent was full of telegraphic enterprises which should astonish the world. He would have every town and village in the land connected with a telegraphic wire. At the height of his excitement he discovered another path to glory, and so telegraphing was abandoned for a time.

It seems that our hero was a very fine penman, and there being few in this country who could write so handsomely, it occurred to him that he would enter upon an elaborate system of instruction in penmanship. His schools should be established in all the leading cities and towns, and there should be nothing more fashionable than to practice penmanship at one of his schools. Here was the beginning of "writing classes" in this country. The enthusiastic instructor began operations in one of the large towns of New York state, and met with unbounded success. He at once issued a series of copy-books with stereotyped models, and a dashing cut on the cover representing the proper position for the hand while holding the pen. Success seemed within his grasp. Several thousand dollars were invested in stereotyped copy-books. His system of writing became extremely popular, and not a few of the good writers of to-day became proficient through the instructions of our unnamed genius. He made money, and traveled through the land. But, alas! an unscrupulous partner was joined to the enterprise, and our enthusiast was swindled out of every dollar he had made. This was the end of the great penman. He resolved to start out in a new plan, and one which had long been in his mind.

This time it was as the teacher of French in a ladies' school. He could speak the French lingo almost as readily as he could the English, and there were few good French teachers at that day. What should prevent him from making a deal of fame in this new field, in comparison with which telegraphing and penmanship would be mere trifles? And so he entered upon his duties and seemed fairly on the road to success. But his progressive nature demanded something more, and he planned a series of French instruction books. These were to be altogether the most elaborate of any that had ever been devised. They were to make the study of French a positive luxury. This time it seemed as though our hero was really on the road to glory. What could be pleasanter than to win a name as a professor and linguist? From French he would pass to Italian, Spanish, and German, and he would become one of the great professors of the land. The goal of his ambition seemed likely to be reached when, alas! he found himself embroiled in an unaccountable and almost inexplicable difficulty. French was abandoned, and the series of instruction books thrown behind him for another to take up and make profitable. This gave him an opportunity to return to New York, and embark in some favorite schemes.

The next thing that occupied his attention was the manufacture of pills—a curative for almost any ailment from toothache to typhoid fever. These pills had been the thought of his dreams for years. He was sure that there must be some panacea for nearly all human diseases, and his scientific knowledge led him to believe that his own remedy was the universal one. So he made pills by the bushel. The newspapers told fabulous stories of their curative properties. His happiness rose with the increased use of his pills. He became an enthusiast on the pill question. The

world had not known true happiness until his pills came into existence. Night and day there was but one thought, and that was concerning his pills. How fortunate to have left telegraphing, penmanship, and French, that his fortune might roll up from an actual blessing to the race. He would build him a beautiful villa and own the finest carriage in the state. No one should be richer or happier. The demand increased. Pills became popular, and our friend might have been rich; but once more, alas! just at this moment he admitted a partner, and his prospective riches were taken from him. The same pills did build a villa and did buy a splendid carriage, but not for their originator. Not daunted by this swindle and his own folly, he now found time for other enterprises which had been prominent in his mind for some years, and, in comparison with which, all other past endeavors should be like a drop in the bucket.

Up to this time there had been very poor attempts at the compilation of railroad and steamboat directories in this country. Our hero bethought him to make a more complete guide than had ever been devised. A few weeks elapsed, and the first issue of his work made its appearance. It was loaded down with statistics and time-tables, but was a little blind in its arrangement on account of the haste with which it was prepared. Other issues soon followed, and this railroad guide soon became known as the best issued. Some persons will detect our hero from this fact, which is still remembered. His success now seemed well assured again, but he was anxious to enlarge his field. It had been an old idea with him to be connected with newspapers. So he floated into trivial connections with the leading dailies in New York. He reported political meetings and, most of all, devoted himself to the gathering of statistics at elections. From newspapers he became interested in telegraphing again, and was often called upon to lend a helping hand on especially busy occasions. Meanwhile, he was revolving some new plans in his head, and finally gave up the railroad guide that he might enter upon the great work of his life. He felt that there were achievements within his power which were greater than any which had employed his attention, and he was led to abandon a project which might have made him a rich man, and just at the time when success seemed certain.

He resolved to devote himself to inventions. His first effort was an ingenious device for indexing catalogues of books, the contents of a newspaper, or other matter where additions were to be made indefinitely. This was a success. A patent was procured, and the leading newspapers adopted the system for their indexes. A number of libraries also employed it, and its use would no doubt have become very general if its inventor had not left it for other things. His next invention was an adjustable bookcase, which was an admirable contrivance, but which has never been adopted by many persons, simply because its inventor has found other things to employ his attention. Once more he put his wits at work and devised an ingenious newspaper file. This was altogether the best arrangement of the kind that we have ever seen. Had he devoted himself to its manufacture it could not have failed to have been a success. Suffice it to say that, after making enough for the New York dailies, he gave himself to other things. He planned a contrivance for putting locomotives on the track in a most expeditious manner, when by any accident they had been thrown therefrom. This device has been considered most ingenious, and will, doubtless, be a profitable investment for some one other than the inventor. Nor was this the end of his inventions. Among others was a simple device for holding railroad tickets, and another for retaining the momentum of street cars, so that when the brakes are removed the horses will not have to make a great effort. We might spin a column from the plans and projects which this eccentric genius has unraveled from his fertile brain, but from none of which he himself has received any reward.

We have referred to our hero's desire for newspaper honors. It had been an old dream of his that he could make a handsome and successful paper. Abandoning his inventions entirely, he commenced the issue of a weekly paper, which has been continued with varying fortunes until the present time. He

writes the editorials and collects the advertisements and subscriptions with his own hands. Once or twice there has been a suspension of publication for two or three weeks; but, contrary to all expectations, it has been resumed. As many as six partners have come and gone from it. Although probably very few of our readers have ever heard of his journal, yet, to talk with him, one would suppose that it is destined to be the greatest newspaper in the country. Many curious things we might write of it if this article had not already occupied too much attention. To add to the general interest of the matter, we would say that our unknown genius is ill a great deal of the time, and has been supposed to be at the point of death some dozen times or more. And he is poor, but as full of hope and enthusiasm as at any time of his life. He yet expects to startle the city and country with some wondrous achievement. Perhaps it will be a capital device for relieving Broadway; possibly a patent steam-engine; it may be a new method of printing newspapers; or not especially to be wondered at if an improved method of classical instruction. Whatever it may be, one thing is certain, and that is that of all his plans he himself will reap no profit. If you meet him on the street he is overflowing with accounts of some great plan about to be realized. And yet he is not crazy. Only an unbalanced, yet plausible genius, of whose abilities the world shall only know through the efforts of some more fortunate who will grow rich from his suggestions.

We have only spoken of his public efforts. It is but justice to say that he has many friends personally attracted to him by his good qualities of both head and heart.

REVIEWS.

MRS. HOWE'S LATER LYRICS.*

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE long since won from the popular heart a tribute, rendered to her ardent human sympathies, her inborn love of freedom, and her patriotism, sustained and unflinching through the nation's darkest hour. The critics also have delighted to honor one who looks in her heart and writes; and whose writings, though woman-like utterances of inner life and thought, have little subjectivity of a morbid or sentimental kind.

A poet of such achievements and intent has passed beyond the period of gentle appreciation and tender, nursing regard. She has earned the right to fair and independent criticism. We may now estimate her merits and defects. If she has left undone those things which she ought to have done, they who tell her so will, perhaps, inspire her with motives for new and better methods in her chosen work.

It is thought that in music, literature, the arts of painting and sculpture, as well as in all mechanical processes, women, with their swift, natural facility, arrive at a certain excellence much more rapidly than men, but that beyond this point they often lack the patience or faculty to proceed; while their brothers always feel some inward sense impelling them to greater mastery of their professions. The foremost men are those who include woman's intuition with their own strengthening purpose; the noblest women acquire a masculine conscientiousness of treatment in whatever work they undertake. Has Mrs. Howe thus enhanced her womanly endowments? Between her "Passion Flowers," published in 1854, and these "Later Lyrics," we fail to discover much artistic advance or gain in intellectual clearness. The former volume was noticeable for great merits and great faults; but the faults are equally conspicuous, if not exaggerated, in the collection under review.

What is Mrs. Howe's standard of excellence? Let us repeat it from her own lips. The first among her "Poems of Study and Experience" reveals it plainly, and is, we observe, one of the most incisive and finished pieces in the volume:

TO THE CRITIC.

Of all my verses, say that one is good,
So shalt thou give more praise than Hope might claim;
And from my poet-grave, to vex thy soul,
No ghost shall rise, whose deeds demand a name.

* "Later Lyrics." By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1866.

A thousand loves, and only one shall stand
To show us what its counterfeit should be;
The blossoms of a spring-tide, and but one
Bears the world's fruit—the seed of History.

A thousand rhymes shall pass, and only one
Show, crystal-shod, the Muse's twinkling feet;
A thousand pearls the haughty Ethiop spurned
Ere one could make her luxury complete.

In goodliest palaces, some meanest room
The owner's smallness shields contentedly.
Nay, further; of the manifold we are,
But one pin's point shall pass eternity.

Exalt, then, to the greatness of the throne
One only of these beggarlings of mine;
I with the rest will dwell in modest bounds:
The chosen one shall glorify the line.

If the singer will stand by her pledge, we may sleep sound of nights, with no spectral visitations. Not one, but many, are her verses which we pronounce to be good, enjoy as such, and are thankful for. Of "Poems of the War," those entitled "Our Orders," "Left Behind," "The Battle Eucharist," are rapturous expressions of the abnegation, the exaltation, and the deep religious faith which carried our people through the recent contest. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," with its profound Hebraic spirit, and wrathful, exultant swell, seems, verily, to have borne "the world's fruit—the seed of history." The first of the "Parables" is a simple and tender rendering of the text, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." The series of love poems entitled "Her Verses" are sensuous, if not simple, and have truer passion in them than can be found in other lyrics depending upon interjectional outbursts for their effect. But in some of the "Poems of Study and Experience," Mrs. Howe seems to be raised, by higher thought, to higher art, and more nearly achieves success. "Philosophy and First Causes" and "The Christ" will repay any one's reading. "The Church" is in harmony with the free and catholic spirit of its author. Our attention is next caught by a little madrigal, called "The Evening Ride," which we quote as having *musical quality*, and being, therefore, one of the few pieces that can justly come under the title of this book:

"Through purple clouds with golden crests
I go to find my lover;
Hid from my sight this many a year,
My heart must him discover:
I know the lair of the timid hare,
The nest of the startled plover.

"O earth! of all thy garlands, keep
The fairest for our meeting;
Could we ask music, 'twere to drown
The heart's tumultuous beating,
That only eyes, in glad surprise,
Might look through tears their greeting.

"If Time have writ my beauty out,
I have no charm to bind him;
No snare to catch his doubting soul,
Nor vow exchanged to bind him;
But this I keep, that I must weep
Bitterly when I find him."

The reader will also admire "Simple Tales," "Fame and Friendship," "Meditation," "The House of Rest," and other thoughtful poems. "The Unwelcome Message" is very striking, having much of the solemn quality which so impresses one in the "Up-Hill" of Christina Rossetti; but the latter artist would never have ruined her effect by toning up the closing stanza with commonplace light. To us, however, it seems that the most emotional and sweetest passages of the book are to be found in the poems on an infant's life and death—"The Babe's Lesson," "Spring Blossoms," "Remembrance," and especially the verses entitled "Little One." Whoever reads the latter will see what Mrs. Howe can do when feeling carries away the obscure vapors which often becloud her art.

Having thus exempted ourselves from reproach, under the rule made in "Lines to the Critic," we now proceed, lawyer-like—but in no pettifogging spirit—to take exception to the sentiment which those lines avow.

We hold that only a poor and unworthy purpose is content to throw off verse after verse, in the hope that one out of many will have poetic value. As well might a sculptor make rude, distorted figures, content with now and then conforming an image to the beauty of nature and finishing it to the fingers' ends. Is not a poem as truly a work of art as a statue or a

painting, and are not all arts one in completeness? The safe, the noble rule is *never* to write a bad poem. We do not hold that this standard can be maintained; yet, in our day, several have come very near it. There are living poets (and poets who will live), each of whose pieces has such merit that we know not how to spare anything they have produced. If they have made poor verses, it has been in silence, and the manuscripts have been ignominiously crumpled, like Beau Brummell's "failures" in cravats. Why print anything that can be omitted—that is not a positive addition to literature? Of course, we all do this continually, but to do it avowedly, to do it "on principle"—that is, indeed, malice aforethought! Now, of the hundred and odd lyrics in Mrs. Howe's book there are fifty—we do not say devoid of poetry, but whose omission would benefit the author's reputation; and of the remainder, how few there are which are conscientiously finished, and, therefore, up to the requirements of the time!

The time, we say, has requirements equally binding with those of hope and patriotism. Loyalty to country and one's race will not alone suffice; there is a loyalty to art, our sovereign mistress, our early and eternal desire. In the age of chivalry there were Courts of Love, where coquettes and unfaithful suitors were indicted; and we do now cite this author into the High Court of Art, and, in gentle terms, impeach her of certain malfeasance. She shall be her own judge on the evidence adduced, and, if conviction ensue, will, perchance, hold herself in bonds for the more faithful performance of her high mission.

A feature of Mrs. Howe's verses, as of Mrs. Brown- ing's, is their earnestness; but this becomes too often a coarse defect. It is revealed in spasmodic utterance, or in words big and painful with a meaning that will not out, and ejaculations of the Gerald-Massey order—is rhetorical, eloquent, gushing, anything but lyrical and poetic. Mrs. Browning's impulses led her continually on the same path; but noble imagination lifted her lightly above the wild-wood thicket in which she went astray, and her sacred fire seemed to consume the brambles clinging to her skirts. Mrs. Howe's genius is not sufficient to redeem her teacher's faults, and the latter she has copied to excess. She seems to write before her idea is thoroughly defined to herself. The result is a confused imagery, and language strangely involved. Her obscurity is not that of thought too elevated for expression in words, for clear thoughts find the highest and purest utterance. It is rather the outward symbol of imperfect inner sight, and leads her into bewildering inversions, ignoble conceits, inelegant and even ungrammatical forms. We cite a few instances of what we mean:

"Lost on the turbid current of the street,
My pearl doth swim;
Oh, for the diver's cunning hands and feet
To come to him!"

"And only the sun's warm fire
Stirs softly their happy breast."

"Ye harmless household drudges,
Your dragged daily wear,
And horny palms of labor,
A softer heart may bear."

"Death's cold purity condense
Vaporous sin to soul's intense."

"Life ye tear to shred and flitter,
Joying in the costly glitter
To rehearse each art-abortion
That consumes a widow's portion."

"The skies have left one marble drop
Within the lily's heart."

Here is a stanza that can only find its counterpart in Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the Psalms:

"The murderer's wicked lust
Their righteous steps withstood:
The zeal that thieves and pirates knew
Brought down the guiltless blood."

Mrs. Howe invariably says *Jesu* for *Jesus*; and her prayer is always an *Ave*. Among her crippled and unscholarly devices of expression are such words and phrases as "sweat-embossed," "sense-magic," "weird-encircled," "inmould," "poor occurrence," "recondite dinners," "man's idle irk," "love's eterne," "solvent skies," "in wondrous sequency involved," "life's great impersonate," "prince's minivere," and so forth, since these are taken at random from a barbaric host. She tells us of one who "passions with

her glance," and elsewhere bids "dawn's sentinels" to "shed golden balsam." Who else could have written such a stanza as this?

"Deep Night, within thy gloomy catafalque
Bury my grief;
And, while thy candles light my funeral walk,
Promise relief."

The faulty rhyme in this stanza is the least of its offenses, but suggests others which have kept us in a stumbling and apprehensive condition throughout our reading of these lyrics:

"Rule—fall," "shady—ready," "daily—railway," "God—bowed," "host—lost," "attracts—us—backs—us," "fingers—singers," "rudeness—voidness," "joy—by," "coin—shine," "kindred—hundred," "teeth—death," "grieve—shrive," etc.

Mrs. Howe wisely clings to quatrains in which only the second and fourth lines are paired, and if she would follow Mr. Walt Whitman's ingenious system, casting rhyme (no less than meter) beneath her feet, she would at least show it more consideration than in couplets with such endings as these. This may be technical criticism, but is not on a minor matter. The great poets know better than to do these things. A vile rhyme breaks in upon the full-flowing river of written song as rudely as a flat note upon the aria of a prima donna. It is, like dropping the ring at a wedding, a shock and an evil omen. But Mrs. Howe's carelessness in this regard is merely a part of the system by which she utters equally disjointed thought. There can be nothing more odd than the constant juxtaposition of vigorous and feeble verses in her poems. The third and fourth stanzas addressed "To the Critic" furnish an example. More frequently, however, she will commence a lyric with a really fine verse, and let the reader down so woefully before the close that he begins to ask himself whether anti-climax is not her favorite figure of speech.

If these shortcomings arise from constitutional disability—from natural lack of power to express—they present serious arguments against a verdict that Mrs. Howe is a poet. She may be full of poetic feeling, appreciative and reflective, may possess the undoubted poetical temperament; but poetical power consists in the *faculty of utterance*, and the poet is not only a seer, but a "maker"—a revealer of what he sees. If they come from impatience of revision, or too great devotion to that social life in which Mrs. Howe cannot fail to be an honor and a charm, they may and will be amended, if she will be conscientious and true to her art-career. If they are due to the ready praises of indiscriminating friends, we would rather not rank among the number of those who thus take away from a gifted aspirant more than they can possibly bestow. What we have thought is written in a sincere and, we trust, not ungenerous spirit. And if Mrs. Howe will study more closely those masters of English song whose manner is furthest removed from that which has hitherto most guided her; if she will add to the fire and humanity of her lyrics the harmonies of order, the grace of completeness, and the strength of repose, our voice shall be among the foremost to claim for her the Sapphic crown.

E. C. S.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"Herman; or, Young Knighthood." By E. Foxton. 2 vols. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1866.

THERE is still a balm in Gilead, and some hope for novel-writing in America. "Herman; or, Young Knighthood" is a book thick with promise. Though its title is girlish, its style sometimes crude, and 'al- ways too much involved, its tone provincial, and its plot improbable and painfully inartistic in construction, yet it contains the evidence of more genius, earnestness, and clear good sense than our recent reading in the domain of domestic fiction had given us any ground for anticipating. The faults of composition are glaring and superabundant, but they spring from overfulness and the very generosity of the author's endowments. There is nothing of sterility and east winds; it is the tanglement of tropical vegetation. Above all, though the book is radical, yet it is radical in the noble sense, having none of that narrowness of creed or that jejune pharisaism which has justly brought this word into discredit. Written by an

abolitionist at a time when that name had a more restrictive meaning than at present, we nevertheless find a recognition of social wrongs demanding redress outside of the charmed Hamitic circle, and an acknowledgment that true liberalism, like Christianity, will be known by its fruits.

Four personages occupy the center of the picture; the Ardens—Herman, Edward, Clara, and Constance Aspenwall. Herman Arden is one of those ideal characters which we all hope the future will be prodigal of, but which, in present time, are questionable facts. He was ruthlessly loyal to principle, and strove, after his first great suffering, to actually live out the Christianity which most men are content merely to dream of once a week. The story begins and ends in Boston, and is ushered in by a ball. Herman had long loved Constance Aspenwall, his sister's friend and his daily companion, a child of the South, orphaned while young, heiress in plantations and negroes, high minded and stainless, save for a dash of haughtiness, a shadow of contempt for the ab- boring class, and a belief in southern institu- tions that lifted itself into a fanaticism. Her un- avowed lover, young in the law and ambitious of early laurels, had just made his maiden speech at a political meeting; and a whiff of that sectional feel- ing which, under the Fugitive-Slave Law excitement, was growing fast in Massachusetts, got into his oratory, while his words, distorted by a partisan press, had reached Constance's ear only to inflame and anger her. When they met, therefore, at the evening party with which the story commences, Miss Aspenwall evinced unwonted restraint, and Herman, alarmed at her coldness, was precipitated into a confession, which was icily and most ungenerously received. The next day's explanations only widened the gulf, Constance, though loving madly, feeling herself bound by pride and a false sense of duty to make a sacrifice of herself for the "principles" and the prejudices of her far-off home. They separate, one to go off in a whirl to her aunt's in Baltimore; and the other to pass a day and night in agony, and then to set out for the far West with Grubbe, the Indian philanthropist, to right the wrongs of the Gray-Buffalo Indians, who were being juggled out of their lawful hunting- grounds by certain land speculators at Washington. The prairie bronzes but does not quiet him. So he is back once more in the Old Bay State, studies medicine in order to carry out some benevolent crotchets, works steadily among the local poor, and then is again on his travels. This time he makes Kansas his goal, presently finds himself embroiled in the border warfare, is shot, and, by one of those fatalities known only to writers of fiction, is carried to a cabin and nursed by Sisters of Charity, one of whom turns out to be Constance. Their first encounter proves that the old love was still burning in both hearts, but Miss Aspen- wall had taken the religious vow for a year, and there could be no intimate communication between them. Some three months after Herman is in Balti- more. Constance also returns, no longer a Sister of Charity, and at once hastens to her aunt, where she is suddenly brought into the presence of her recent pa- tient. Of course her sentiments have all changed by the Kansas experience, and she no longer objects to the anti-slavery bias of her lover. There is a spon- taneous avowal of affection, and everything goes smoothly on until the marriage bell.

Properly speaking, they ought to have been wedded there and then, so that their dreams might be realized and some peace infused into their lives. But it was necessary that the novel should have two volumes, and that Herman should see "the South as it is." One day, therefore, while Clara Arden and Constance are talking about orange blossoms and bridal veils, an ill-spelt letter arrives from one of the slaves whom the latter had sold when she joined the Catholic com- munion. The uncouth message, full of dreary misery, sends Constance into hysterics, and Herman to the South with the determination to sacrifice all his prop- erty in order to buy up and set free every negro that had been his mistress's property. He is quite successful save in one instance, gets into trouble on account of a runaway slave, is thrown into the penitentiary, survives the cholera, which carries off half the inmates, but is prostrated by the unusual labors of the hos- pital, and, when at last pardoned out, returns only to

live a few lingering months, and to die upon his wedding-day.

This is tragical enough to serve for a Greek play, though we much fear the analogy will not go further. Certainly, there is a severe ignoring of the Aristotelian unities throughout; and, indeed, as we have before hinted, if the author's fate with the critics depended on the construction of the plot, the result might be rather unpleasant. Even in the mere outline the unreality is sufficiently obvious, but, when one descends to the details, it becomes oppressive. In novel-writing, however, quite as much rests on the insight displayed in the development of character and the clever working up of special passages as upon the general effect. And here the author shines. We fear we shall not find much room to substantiate our assertion, but we must give one or two examples. Constance's religious self-satisfaction before suffering had taught its lesson and is thus neatly sketched:

"Constance, however, was not aware that she was in any want of wisdom, not yet did she consider herself to be living in the least like an apostate nor a pagan; for she went to church at least once every Sunday when the weather was fine, and scolded herself very hard, not to say very justly, out of a prayer-book. Out of church, to be sure, she thought humility a virtue fit only for servants, small traders, and clergymen. Hell, in her creed, was a very suitable place for dirty, ignorant, and wicked people, who used bad language, robbed, and murdered. It was very meet and right that they should be kept somewhere out of the way of their betters, or else be burnt up at once. Now and then, likewise, there might be an exceptional condemnation thereto, in the case of some unusually ill-behaved lady or gentleman who died suddenly, or perversely and unaccountably refused on his death-bed to say he was sorry, repeat his prayers, and send for a clergyman. As for the possibility of anything like punishment for anything she did ever coming near her in this world or the next, she never imagined any such thing."

The brother-in-law of the Ardens, Mr. Flint, is a genuine Yankee. His mother died in a poorhouse, and the last service of the son was to get his aged parent some baked apples, which he earned by driving a farmer's cows to pasture for a whole week:

"I never see anythin' eat like her; an' the other old grannies come round an' looked on an' mumped with their chins as ef they wished they'd had somethin' to mump for. She lived to eat 'em all but three. When I brought them, she was jest a-dyin', an' couldn't take no notice. I couldn't touch 'em. They'd ha' stuck in my throat. I went an' sold 'em for six cents; an' them six cents was the nest-egg of all I'm wuth now. I walked into the city the first chance I could get an' bought half a dozen slate-pencils with 'em, an' traded 'em off with the boys around for ninepence; and so on from that time I've always gone to bed Saturday night richer than I got up Monday morning; for I vowed when I stood by poor old granny's shabby old shell of a second-hand coffin that I wouldn't die poor, or I'd know why."

The portrait of Mrs. Flint's little daughter as first seen by Clara is quite Dickens-like:

"Turning round she saw the tiny, changeling figure of a child of five years old, upright and stiff, dressed in an ugly but neat *mousseline de laine* of primitive cut. Her face was sallow, intelligent, and as mature and joyless as that of a care-burdened woman of thirty; her forehead was unbecomingly large and prominent, as were also her dim, bluish-gray eyes; her mouth, just large enough to admit a cherry without crowding, was ruefully drawn down at the corners, like a caret, to signify that her nose was an afterthought, and must not be overlooked—a most unnecessary hint, for it was altogether too big for her, and looked like a grown-up nose snatched in haste, and clapped on her by mistake, from a wardrobe of noses; her cropped black hair was perfectly smooth, and her neck, hands, and arms, clean, but red and chapped with the cold."

Grubbe's lamentation over the religious state of the Indians has one daring line:

"It goes to my heart, as I tell 'em, to see so many fine, brave, copper-colored fellers a-going with their horses and feathers and fringes a-rampaging over the purrayra, and to think that it ain't nothing, as you may say, but a great green sieve to let 'em through down into hell-fire, just for want of their knowing what nobody'll take the trouble to come and teach him, and what nobody can find out for themselves; and the wicked trappers going and telling him that our God will love him, sir, if he'll only give them his squaws and horses, and let him have his furs reasonable, sir!"

The most prominent defect of "Herman" is its prolixity. Of course, in a career of so much movement, amid so vast a variety of scenes, there is an opportunity for an incredible amount of preaching, and the author does not scruple to use it. We have thoughts upon the Indians, border-ruffians, the peace society, Roman Catholics, slavery propagandists, southern party spirit, lynch-law, sects and sectaries, female education, the penitentiary system, the poor and how to help them, the cholera, and like topics,

such as social science congresses are wont to concern themselves with. We are not aware that any actual harm is done. The views advanced are mainly sensible, and evince an admirable abstinence from bigotry. But, still, the author would have done far better by retrenching. Then there is an excessive proneness to puns, pushed often to unpardonable extravagances. The sentences are frequently lame, shambling, and confusing. Parentheses are indulged in to an unwarrantable extent. The language, though full of poetry, is perpetually marred by absurd conceits. Thus, Herman, wishing to know why his sister is weeping, exclaims, "Why, Clara! O, fie! *What are you watering your blue forget-me-nots for?*" We dislike, furthermore, the taste displayed in prefixing trite verses and quotations to each chapter.

Nevertheless, the deficiencies of the book are precisely those which can be most easily remedied, if the author is humble and willing to learn; while its merits are of that kind which no labor, however faithful, will bestow—the evidence indeed of a genius of no common order; and we confidently hope that at some future time we shall have most satisfactory proofs that our estimate of the writer's real powers is in no respect too high. We have preferred to retain the masculine name of authorship, because E. Foxton is particularly called Mr. Foxton in one passage, while as long as there is a desire to reach the public from behind a *nom de plume* it is not the business of a critic to interfere, whatever his suspicions may be. We notice, however, that the Boston papers are attributing the book to a daughter of the historian of New England, and, as no denial has appeared, we feel ourselves entitled to avail ourselves of this fact to re-enforce our deliberate judgment. The exuberances and enthusiasms of "Herman" are exactly what might have been anticipated, if this supposition be true; while it holds out all the more encouragement for the future.

"Mr. Dunn Browne's Experiences in the Army." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1866. Pp. 390.

REV. SAMUEL FISKE—born in Shelburne, Mass., graduated at Amherst college, and afterwards a tutor in that institution, a traveler in foreign lands, a clergyman at Madison, Conn., at the breaking out of rebellion, and from that time till his death a soldier for his country—has been known very pleasantly to newspaper readers as a writer of spicy correspondence. His first letters, over the *nom de plume* of "Dunn Browne," appeared in the Springfield Republican, and were written from abroad. They were popular enough to warrant their publication in book-form, and a genial book it was, with its load of fun and humor. After this nothing was heard from him until he commenced writing again to the Republican, this time in the character of a patriot-soldier, having enlisted in the 14th Conn. regiment. He was soon promoted for bravery, and, indeed, was distinguished throughout his military career as a most daring soldier. On the 22d May, 1864, he received his death-wound while leading his company through the dangers of the second battle of the Wilderness. The present volume is made up of the letters which were written to the time of his death, Rev. Asa D. Fiske, brother of the author, acting as editor, and Rev. D. Tyler, of Amherst college, prefacing the volume with a biographical notice.

The critic will find very little to sharpen his pen in this collection of off-hand sketches. They were written at odd times, on the march and by the way, and, as such, could hardly be entitled to very severe judgment, even if any one were so disposed to look at them. But the book is really a most readable one—giving a sort of panoramic view of the scenes of the war as they transpired. The writer of this notice had a personal knowledge of the wit and versatility of Mr. Fiske, and the wonder is that so good a humorist and so fresh a writer should have limited his literary experience to the random waifs which were intended only for newspaper fame. It is a good volume to take up at odd times; it is a truthful reminder of the fearful scenes of the war, depicted by one who was himself a genuine hero, and who witnessed all that he described. Mr. Fiske wrote as he felt and as he believed to be right. Out of the most bloody carnage he brings forth some blossom of pleasant humor or

sound sense. Who would know just how a man feels at every point of the experience of the field and conflict, should read this volume of letters by "Dunn Browne."

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

If we were called upon to name any artist whose works we would select as a test by which to try whether the multitude who profess a fondness for art, and the few who have some knowledge of it, had really in their souls a profound feeling for it, we should at once fix upon John Everett Millais, with whose illustrations, in one form or another, the world of English and American readers are more or less familiar. No other artist that we know of so violates what may be called the conventionalities of art, treating them, when it suits his purpose, as things of no moment, as, indeed, they are, when they stand between an artist and his thought. He dares everything, and fails quite as often as he succeeds; but his successes are so great that we are willing to forgive his failures, as we are those of Doré. What Millais has done and can do—for every true work of art shows future promise as well as present performance—may be seen in a large quarto volume of his illustrations just published in this country by Messrs. Strahan & Co. These illustrations—there are eighty in all—are a fair sample of his handiwork for the last eight or ten years, and are worth studying as showing the progress that he has made during that time, from the strangeness which stamped his earlier manner to the even conventional power of his later style. They are taken from a number of publications, as *Once a Week*, "Tennyson's Poems," "Lays of the Holy Land," "The Home Affections," "Good Words," "Orley Farm," "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," and "Poets of the Nineteenth Century." The earliest of these designs, if our memory serves us—at any rate, among the earliest—are those intended to illustrate the conceptions of Tennyson, if not in a style approaching that of his poetry, at least in one not utterly dissimilar to it. To say that they fail in this is to say little; to say that most of them are bad, is to state the truth mildly. They are about as bad as anything can be. Fortunately for us, however, only a dozen or so of them are preserved in the present collection, the best of which are "The Revival," from "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Cleopatra," from "The Dream of Fair Women." The last would be a test-design with us for the purpose we stated at the commencement, a stronger, of the same sort, being "The Finding of Moses," and, probably, "The Unjust Judge," two very strange and highly mannered illustrations. The first would be pronounced bad by the majority of cultivated persons, and, we dare say, by the majority of artists likewise. And perhaps it is, in many respects; but it is full of wild, weird power, and shows a vivid apprehension of the old Biblical times in which the event took place. The feeling of the scenery belongs to the old, old world. And how beautiful is the downcast face of the dusky, half-clad maid who holds the wicker cradle of the future prophet and lawgiver! "On the Water," a nearly conventional illustration of a pair of lovers in a boat, is very delicious. "Herr Willy Koenig" is a fine study of a good, honest, foreign music-master—a German, we judge by the face. "In the Churchyard," a tender, almost girlish figure in black, is as excellent as it is touching. "La Fille Bien Gardée," a beautiful, high-bred girl, sitting dreamily, with a book on her lap and a dog at her feet, is lovely and refined. "Sorrow in the Heart," one of the designs for "Orley Farm," is handled very naturally and truthfully. Excellent, likewise, is the figure and face of the kneeling girl in "Let us speak together before we sleep." "The Fair Jacobite" pleases us in spite of its mannerisms. Nothing of the kind can be better than "Dame Dorothy" and the two girls who are standing before her in their quaint country school-dress. Equally good, though entirely different, is the girl with a gardener's pot in her hand in "Oh, the lark is singing in the sky." "The Mite of Dorcas" is very unaffected. The young lady with a candle in "Footsteps in the Corridor" is a good study, but not equal to Lady Stavely, whom the readers of "Orley Farm" will remember. The figure of the young man in "Sorting the Prey" recalls the old-fashioned simplicity and grace of Stothard. "Miss Hilary's Pupil" is charming. "Watching," a young lady sitting on the stairs, is like a leaf from the book of real life. Similar to it, but better, are the two figures, apparently a mother and daughter, in "Never" is a very long word," from "Orley Farm." The illustration of all others, however, in our way of thinking, is "Mrs. Ascot's Death-bed," from "Good Words." It is inexpressibly tragic. Altogether, we think highly of this collection of Millais-drawings, which, we trust, will fall into the hands of all genuine

lovers of art, and especially into the hands of our figure-artists, who ought to be able to learn something from it. We have no desire to see an American Millais, but we would like to see an American artist in his line of whom we could speak in the main so well. At present we must be content with Mr. Eastman Johnson and Mr. Winslow Homer, and, in the more poetical and romantic walks of art, Mr. Alfred Fredericks.

THE Lincoln-literature has lately received an addition from abroad, in the shape of a handsome pamphlet, which may be obtained of Mr. F. W. Christern, and which contains some six hundred lines, more or less, entitled "Sur Une Gravure Stances. A Abraham Lincoln." It is not, as we might expect, a monody on his "taking off," for most of it was written—its author, J. H. Serment, tells us—in 1864, "Ce n'était donc pas un chant de triumphe, mais un cri d'angoisse et de sympathie pour une grande cause, en même temps de confiance en son avenir." The immediate cause of the poem appears to have been an engraving from a picture by M. Biard, representing some fugitive slaves pursued and overtaken by planters' dogs on the banks of a river.

THE second number of "The Argosy" contains twelve papers in prose and verse, the most noticeable of which are: the continuation of Mr. Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt;" "A Hidden Treasure," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Hero: A Metamorphosis," by Miss Christiana G. Rossetti; "A New Year's Day at Windsor, 1327," by Mr. Henry Kingsley; and two poems by Mr. William Allingham and Mr. Robert Buchanan, "Civitas Dei," and "Artist and Model: A London Poem." We give the former below:

CIVITAS DEI.

The roads are long and rough, with many a bend,
But always tend
To that Eternal City, and the home
Of all our footsteps, let them haste or creep,
That city is not Rome.
Great Rome is but a heap
Of shards and splinters lying in a field
Where children of to-day
Among the fragments play,
And for themselves in turn new cities build.

That City's gates and towers
Know nothing of the earth's all-famous flags;
It hath its own wide region, its own air.
Our kings, our lords, our mighty warriors
Are not known there.
The wily pen, the cannon's fierce report,
Fall very short.

Where is it? Tell who can.
Ask all the best geographers' advice.
'Tis builded in no valley of Japan
Or secret Asia, nor in isle unfound
As yet, nor in a region calm and warm,
Inclosed from every storm,
Within the magical and monstrous bound
Of polar ice.

Where is it? Who can tell?
Yet surely know,
Whatever land or city you may claim
And count as yours,
From elsewhere you came,
Elsewhere must you go;
Ev'n to a City with foundations low
As Hell, with battlements Heaven-high,
Which is eternal; and its place and name
Are mystery.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE London Printing and Publishing Company have lately completed the issue of a popular edition of "Shakespeare," which was begun in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of his birth. It is in sixteen monthly parts, each of which contains one or more illustrations on steel, and the whole works of the poet, including his sonnets, poems, and the "doubtful" plays, not forgetting the needful glossary of antiquated and obsolete words. The feature of the edition, to our mind, is the "Memoir and Introductory Essay on Shakespeare's Genius," both by Barry Cornwall, who writes of his great master as only a poet can, showing withal as much judgment as enthusiasm, a quality hardly ever to be found in the prose writing of poets. We commend the edition to the attention of American readers.

AN article which has attracted considerable notice among our writers and publishers appeared in a late number of *Harper's Weekly*, under the alarming caption, "No More American Books." One of the objects of this article was to call attention to the onerous internal duties on our home-made publications, and to "agitate" in the matter until they are reduced; another, it seems to us, was to have the duties on foreign books increased, so that they will not compete with our own under so great advantages as they undoubtedly possess just now. The writer of the article judges "that a book can be printed and published in England for one-third the cost of the same book here." He instances the "Sunday Magazine," a periodical published in London at six-pence a copy, and

claims that its English publishers, who have a branch house in this city, are attempting, or have attempted, to import it at its market value in England, which they, the aforesaid publishers, affirm is *three farthings* a copy. "Upon this," he says, "by the present law, they pay a duty of 25 per cent.—that is, three-fourths of a farthing, making the whole cost here to them, duty included, just *3½ farthings*, a little less than two cents a copy, or \$200 for the whole 10,000. The importers, moreover, demand here twenty-five cents for this magazine, the market value of which in England, and upon which only they pay duty, they declare to be only three farthings." So much for figures, which, they say, will not lie. They do, however, in this case, since they are placed on a false basis; for the three farthings in question are *not* the sum at which the "Sunday Magazine" is invoiced, but the sum at which *each sheet* of it is invoiced, which is rather different, and which puts quite another face on the matter. A writer in the *World*, commenting upon the *Harper* article, seems to have a glimmering of the absurdity alluded to. "It is more likely," he says, "three pence is the value stated at the custom-house, or, at any rate, that in no case has it been less than two and a half pence. This, it will be seen, makes the statistics presented by the Messrs. Harper valueless in this relation as a basis for Congressional action. If two and a half pence per copy be taken as the invoice value, then we take it to be clear that the cost of importation, including packing, freight, custom-house duty, consul's fees, etc., will make a total cost of each copy laid down in New York to be very nearly twelve cents currency for each copy of the periodical in question. We are inclined to think, also, that twenty-five cents currency is the retail, and not the wholesale, price of this magazine, which, doubtless, by the quantity, can be purchased for fifteen or sixteen cents in currency." Exactly; it costs twelve cents, or thereabouts, to import the "Sunday Magazine," and it is retailed, not wholesaled, at twenty-five cents per copy. We have no wish to sound the praises of the "Sunday Magazine," which we never remember to have seen, but if it be a good magazine—as good as "Harper's Magazine" or the "Atlantic Monthly"—and the American people choose to purchase it for twenty-five cents, instead of purchasing our magazines at a higher figure, we think they ought to have the privilege. It is all very well to talk of encouraging American literature, but the fact is we haven't much to boast of yet, certainly none that will compare with that of the mother country. How can we have a literature worthy of us until we have a criticism worthy of literature? In the creative age of a literature criticism is not needed; in the merely productive period it is, and that of a summary kind. It may not be easy to make bad authors write better by criticising them, but there is a kind of power which the best books exert over the minds of their readers which is worse than ordinary criticism, so far as bad writers are concerned; for a man who is educated by good reading is apt to be intolerant towards bad writing. We have grown more in this country in the last twenty years than some of our writers are aware, and a part of this growth results, we think, from the constant circulation among us of the best periodicals of England, in the shape of complete reprints, such as are issued by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co. They have made such of us as read them impatient of our own attempts in the same direction, and have stimulated our publishers to look for better workmen in order to hold their own against them. This circumstance has not produced as many good writers as it should have done, but it has driven a great number of bad ones into the obscurity from which they never should have emerged, and never could, we fancy, in any country but this. Understand us. We are not pleading the cause of English against American writers. We are not saying that importers of English books should not pay duty on the full cost of the books. Neither are we upholding our present unjust system of internal taxation, which should be reduced at once. What we are trying to do is to state the case as it is, not as it has been represented. We want good books, and plenty of them; if of our own make, so much the better; if not, let us have them from abroad. It is well to be patriotic, but it is not well to read indifferent books for patriotic reasons. There is no patriotism that we can see in twaddle, certainly there is no literature in it, no matter how loyal it may be. As for the motto on this new banner, "No More American Books," it doesn't frighten us in the least; for, to tell the truth, we don't want many more, unless they are going to be better.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT have written us the following note:

"646 BROADWAY, Jan. 26, 1866.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

"DEAR SIR: Your last issue quotes a paragraph from No. 678 of the London 'Publishers' Circular' in regard to

Baron Tauchnitz and his well-known series of reprints of British authors. That paragraph does gross injustice to Baron Tauchnitz's professional liberality, and is likely, for many reasons, to be adverse to his interests and the interests of those connected with him.

"No. 679 of the London 'Publishers' Circular' contains a more than sufficient refutation, by the editors, of the calumnies which they had, unwittingly, published in their previous number.

"As the American representatives of Baron Tauchnitz, we confidently request that, in justice to him and to us, you will make an *amende* similar to that of the editors of the London 'Publishers' Circular,' by copying the second article alluded to, or, at least, as much of it as contains points material to the issue.

"Very respectfully, yours, LEYPOLDT & HOLT."

The substance of the article to which Messrs. Leyboldt & Holt refer is contained in the paragraph below, which strikes us as being a substantial refutation of the original charge against Baron Tauchnitz:

"It is clear," says the editor of the "Publishers' Circular," "that our correspondent has exaggerated the average sales of the Tauchnitz editions at least threefold; while the average sum said to be paid to English authors is understated in about the same ratio. So far from its being true that 'the highest sum ever paid' to 'one only of the foremost English authors now living' did not exceed the sum of £100, we find that for two works, in last year's list alone, Baron Tauchnitz paid respectively £225 and £150. The well-known Tauchnitz pocket volumes being republishings, chiefly for circulation among continental readers sufficiently familiar with English to enjoy reading in that language, it will be understood that the sales are generally limited. British residents abroad are also, no doubt, considerable purchasers of Tauchnitz's volumes, and an occasional volume may find its way here in the tourist's pocket or portmanteau; but as it is well known that this is unlawful—that the copies may be seized, and must always be unsalable here—it may be supposed that these cases are exceptional and unimportant. If any of our readers should still remain unsatisfied, it must be borne in mind that there is always a strong presumption against complaints of this kind. English authors may be ignorant of the value of their books to German publishers, but German publishers certainly are not. If, therefore, it was really true that one extensive publisher was in the habit of purchasing copyrights at about one-eighth of their value (for something like this is involved in our correspondent's double error), it is inconceivable that some competitor should not step in to outbid him. Baron Tauchnitz is certainly not without active rivals; and if he has, notwithstanding, obtained almost a complete command over this peculiar field, it may safely be inferred that he has not pursued the suicidal policy which our correspondent has attributed to him, but that, on the contrary, the high reputation of his house for honorable dealing has been well deserved."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Transcript*, whom we should take to be a "copperhead," if political reptiles of that venomous species were ever harbored in that goodly and tolerant city, writes the following unreasonable paragraph about one of our brethren of the quill:

"TOO INDEPENDENT OF DUTY.—Mr. Editor: THE ROUND TABLE, of New York, lately had some comments on the Boston press. We commend to its attention the editor of the New York *Independent*, Mr. Theodore Tilton, who spoke yesterday afternoon and evening at some anti-slavery meetings in this city. What sort of a religious paper can that be whose editor deliberately forfeits an engagement in the Fraternity course of lectures this season, under the plea that public affairs at Washington, and the advanced position the *Independent* has taken, would not permit him to leave his editorial closet? It seems he has found time to come to Boston to speak from another platform. Perhaps he thinks he has succeeded in saving the country from its perils with his weekly newspaper, and can now find time to keep his word.

HONOR."

We have attended to the matter, as he wished, so far as copying his note goes, but we think he is laboring under a slight mistake when he calls the *Independent* "a religious newspaper." Also, when he expects a gentleman to watch "public affairs at Washington," run his newspaper, and—keep his word! He is probably right, however, when he thinks that Mr. Tilton thinks "he has succeeded in saving the country from its perils." Can we do anything more to save this wounded "Honor?"

FOREIGN.

THE number of new works published in England, during the past year, amounted to four thousand four hundred and ninety-six.

THE first number of the new series of the "Gentleman's Magazine" is the best that has appeared for many years, if we may judge from its table of contents. That it has received an infusion of fresh blood is clear. One of its papers, and it ought to be a curious one, is on that apocryphal subject, "The Religion of Charles II."

A COLLECTION of the poems of Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble has just appeared in London, but it is not meeting with much favor from the critics. We presume it is based on the edition published in this country some three or four years since, with additions of a later date

Among the latter are three sonnets on the American war which are worth quoting:

"I.
 "She has gone down!" they shout it from afar,
 Kings—nobles—priests—all men of every race,
 Whose lagging clogs Time's swift relentless pace;—
 "She has gone down!" our evil-boding star!
 Rebellion, smitten with rebellion's sword,
 Anarchy, done to death by slavery,
 Of ancient right insolent enemy:
 Beneath a hideous cloud of civil war,
 Strife, such as heathen slaughterers had abhorred,
 The lawless land, where no man was called lord,
 Spurning all wholesome curb, and dreaming free
 Her rabble rules licentious tyranny;—
 In the fierce splendor of her arrogant morn,
 She has gone down! the world's eternal scorn."

"II.
 "She has gone down!" Woe for the world and all
 Its weary workers! gazing from afar
 At the clear rising of that hopeful star:
 Star of redemption to each weeping thrall
 Of pow'r decrepit, and of rule outworn;
 Beautiful shining of that blessed morn,
 Which was to bring leave for the poor to live;
 To work and rest, to labor and to thrive,
 And righteous room for all who nobly strive;
 She has gone down! Woe for the struggling world,
 Back on its path of progress sternly hurled!
 Land of sufficient harvests for all dearth,
 Home of far-seeing Hope, Time's latest birth—
 Woe for the promised land of the whole earth!"

"III.
 "Triumph not, fools! and weep not, ye faint-hearted!
 Have ye believed that the supreme decree
 Of Heaven had given this people o'er to perish?
 Have ye believed that God had ceased to cherish
 This great New World of Christian liberty?
 Nay, by the precious blood shed to redeem
 The nation from its selfishness and sin;
 By each brave heart that burst in holy strife,
 Leaving its kindred hearts to break through life;
 By all the bitter tears, whose source must stream
 For ever every desolate home within;
 We will return to our appointed place,
 First in the vanguard of the human race."

A READER of the *Athenaeum* corrects a misstatement of that journal, to the effect that the late Mrs. Jameson was the first who drew attention to the older Italian schools of painting, and pays a deserved tribute to the memory of that charming but neglected poet and man of genius, George Darley. "Thirty years ago," he says, "when that lady (who was always searching, always collecting, always making progress) had not got beyond rapture and enthusiasm concerning the second-hand imitations which were commanded for New Munich by King Louis of Bavaria, there appeared in your own journal a continuous series of traveling letters, and detailed criticisms, written by that singular and unequal man of genius, George Darley, in which the attention of all thoughtful and true lovers of art was called to the long and then too much neglected line of Raphael's predecessors. To these, myself, and, it is only fair to assume, many besides me, were indebted for the direction of curiosity and study towards Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Beato, Francia, Perugino, and others of the memorable men whose pictures have since then become the fashion. The writings on art of Darley (by the way, also, one of the most exquisite of modern lyrists, when it pleased him to be simple), though mannered and wanting in fluency, are too full of keen observation, deep thought, and power in comparison judiciously exercised, to be so completely forgotten as would seem to be the case."

MRS. T. K. HERVEY, the widow of the poet of that name, who has lately published a novel with the romantic title of "Snooded Jessaline," contributes the following poem to the *Athenaeum*, based on the words written by Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, on the window of her prison at Kronberg:

A PRISONER'S PRAYER.

"Oh, keep me innocent—make others great!
 Such was thy captive cry,
 Thou, fit to rule, though not where kings keep state,
 And fitter still to die.
 "To die, and rule the world with words that live;
 To pass to dust, and leave
 —pearl to Time. Thy pearl of prayers shall give
 Light while his seas shall heave.
 "Oh, tender pleader—Innocence's mate—
 Woman! couldst thou not see
 How wild a prayer was thine? "Not me make great."
 What angel blinded thee?
 "Thy voice was raised in vain. Thou didst but rave.
 How weak wast thou to cry,
 "Sweet innocence let live!" Behold—a grave:
 Sweet innocence must die.
 "Great Heaven confounds thy prayer. Now thou dost see
 How God in love, not hate,
 Took back thine innocence in taking thee,
 And, taking, left thee great."

THE collection of letters lately published in Paris

under the name of Marie Antoinette are proved to be forgeries by Prof. Von Sybel, in the last number of the *Revue Moderne*, from the circumstance that, while the dates of these letters extend over a period of twenty-two years, the character of the writing never varies, whereas in the undoubted correspondence, preserved at Vienna, the handwriting varies from that of a young girl to that of a woman. In other respects the forgeries in question are said to be very clever.

MR. CARLYLE's latest hero, Frederick the Great, is thus photographed by his friend, Voltaire, in a letter to Mr. Falconer, the English ambassador to Constantinople, in 1742: "You will hear of the new victory of my friend, the King of Prussia, who wrote so well against Macchiavelli and acted immediately like the heroes of the same Macchiavelli. He fiddles and fights as well as any man in Christendom. He routs the Austrian forces, and likes very little your English king, his dear neighbor of Hannover. I have seen him twice since he is free from his father's tyranny. He would retain me at his court and live with me in one of his country houses, just with the same freedom and the same goodness of manners you did at Wandsworth. But he could not prevail against the Marquise du Châtelet. My only reason for being in France is, that I am her friend. You must know my Prussian king liked, when he was but a private man, passionately your English free government. But the king has altered the man, and now he relishes despotic power as much as a Mustapha, a Selim, or a Solymán."

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ is about, it is said, to illustrate the laureate's "Idyls of the King." If so, we are sorry for it, since it is hardly possible that he should succeed in conveying, through his designs, the spirit of Tennyson's poetry. What he might illustrate, in the shape of English medieval poetry, is Browning's wonderfully weird poem, "Child Roland to the Dark Tower Came," which contains an element of the old romances not to be found in any work of the time, except perhaps, "The Defense of Guinevere" of Mr. William Morris, whose verse is a strange compound of Doré and the Pre-Raphaelites. As M. Doré does not understand English, a translation of the "Idyls" is in preparation for him, and, we presume, for publication in France.

BARON BIEDERMANN, of Leipzig, published, on the centenary anniversary of the day on which Goethe became a student at the university of that place (19th Oct.), a couple of volumes, entitled "Goethe and Leipzig," which clear up some points, and contain a goodly number of Goethe's letters hitherto unprinted, the most important of which are those to Herr Herrmann, afterwards burgomaster, and to his son, the celebrated philologist. The inquiries of Baron Biedermann have enlarged the circle of Goethe's acquaintances at Leipzig, and introduced us more fully to J. J. Engel, who took part in private theatricals with Goethe and Corona Schröter.

A CURIOUS unpublished manuscript poem, "L'Histoire de la Mort d'Anne Bouleene, Roynne d'Angleterre," is about to be sold at auction in London. In the shape of a letter addressed to "Mon Seigneur," it gives a life of Anne Boleyn. Its length is 1,228 lines, and it is written on fine vellum, with the intitulation in letters of gold. Its date is supposed to be the brief interval between the beheading of Anne Boleyn and the king's marriage with Lady Jane Seymour; for, after describing the former, the writer says:

"Car ja le Roy s'est mis en fantasiaie
 De l'amytie d'une dame choisie,"

and promises—

"Plusieurs grandz cas sont encores predictz
 Lesquelz ce peuple assure par ses dictz.
 Si ja les voy alors je les croiray
 Et bien au long vous en adversiray.
 Car onques n'ouy de nouvelles pareilles,
 Aussi dit on que c'est l'an de merveilles."

Anne Boleyn, previous to her marriage, is thus described:

"Que ne l'eussiez onques jugée Angloise
 En ses façons mais une vraye Francoise
 Elle savait bien chanter & danser
 Et ses propos sagement adresser
 Sonner de lutz & autres instruments
 Pour divertir les tristes pensemens
 Outre ces biens & graces tant exquis
 Qu'avait en France heureusement acquises
 Elle estoit belle & de taille elegante
 Mesmes des yeulx encor plus atreante
 Lesquelz scavoit bien conduire a propos
 En les tenant quelque fois en repos
 Aucune fois envoyant en message
 Porter un cuer le secret tesmoignage
 Et pour certain telle estoit leur puissance
 Que maintz rendoit en son obeissance
 Estant ainsi de tous tels biens remplie,
 D'honnestete & graces accomplie," etc., etc.

THE late Lord Palmerston has fallen a prey to the verifiers, as President Lincoln did before him. The most

recent of the many tributes to his memory is a French "Elegie sur le Mort de Lord Palmerston," the writer being a Mr. I. Sullivan, of Jersey, a friend of M. Victor Hugo. Here is one of his stanzas:

"Palmerston est aux cieux, la divine patrie
 Où bientôt nous irons—
 Séchons, séchons nos pleurs. . . à l'immortelle vie,
 Demain nous le suivrons!"

It is thus rendered by Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, who finds a congenial spirit in Mr. Sullivan:

"Palmerston is in that blest realm, where he
 Shall soon forget all sorrow;
 Dry, dry, those tears! eternal life shall be
 Also for us to-morrow!"

Mr. Sullivan is about to publish a "Life of Lord Palmerston" in French.

THE name of Mr. Anthony Trollope's new novel is "The Claverings." It is commenced in the January number of the "Cornhill Magazine."

MISS DORA GREENWELL, whose thoughtful and pious meditations, "The Patience of Hope" and "A Present Heaven," were reprinted two or three years since, we believe, by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, is the author of a volume of poems, mostly of a domestic and religious cast, of which Messrs. Strahan & Co. are the publishers, and which ought to be better known than we fear it is. Take this, the concluding poem, as a specimen of Miss Greenwell's poetical talents and general culture:

"DEATH."

"Leaves and clustered fruits, and flowers eterne,
 ETERNAL TO THE WORLD, BUT NOT TO ME."—HOOD.

"The spring will come again, dear friends,

The swallow o'er the sea;
 The bud will hang upon the bough,
 The blossom on the tree;
 And many a pleasant sound will rise to greet her on her way,
 The voice of bird and leaf and stream, and warm winds in their play;

Oh, sweet the airs that round her breathe, and beautiful is she,
 She bringeth all the things that fresh and sweet and hopeful be;
 She scatters promise on the earth with open hand and free,
 But not for me, my friends,
 But not for me!

"Summer will come again, dear friends,

Low murmurs of the bee
 Will rise through the long sunny day
 Above the flowery lea;
 The deep and dreamy woods will own the slumberous spell she weaves,
 And send a greeting, mixed with sighs, through all their quivering leaves.

Oh, precious are her glowing gifts, and plenteous is she,
 She bringeth all the lovely things that bright and fragrant be;
 She scatters fulness on the earth with lavish hand and free,
 But not for me, my friends,
 But not for me!

"Autumn will come again, dear friends,

His spirit-touch will be
 With gold upon the harvest-field,
 With crimson on the tree;
 He passeth o'er the silent woods, they wither at his breath,
 Slow fading in a still decay—a change that is not death.
 Oh, rich and liberal and wise and provident is he!
 He taketh to his garner-house the things that ripened be;
 He gathereth his store from earth, all silently—
 And he will gather me, my friends,
 And he will gather me!

The *Saturday Review*, in a notice of a Breton drama of the Middle Age corresponding to our old "Mysteries and Moralities," makes the following remarks on the absurd distinction frequently drawn between sacred and profane subjects:

"It is one of the oddest forms of modern religionism to divide, by some utterly unintelligible distinction, 'sacred' dramas, 'sacred' poems, 'sacred' music, from those which are not sacred. As far as we can see, all these things become sacred by virtue of containing something about Jews not later than the time of Vespasian. A piece of music is 'sacred,' and may be played on a Sunday, if the accompanying words contain some mention of Joshua or David; we are not quite sure about Judas Maccabæus, as he comes only in the Apocrypha. It is essential that the subject should be Jewish or very early Christian; that it should be Christian in a general way is not enough. An oratorio on the capture of Jericho by Joshua would be sacred, but an oratorio on the capture of Jerusalem by Godfrey would be profane. A lament on the fall of Jerusalem before Nebuchadnezzar or Titus would be sacred; a lament on the fall of the same city before Chosroes or Saladin would be profane, and could not be lawfully sung between Saturday and Monday. Why all this is a profound mystery, as it is clear that religious feelings are just as strongly called up by the Christian subject as by the Hebrew one."

PERSONAL.

MR. JOHN G. SAXE enjoys the honor of a reprint in England, his poetical works having been seized by Mr. Beeton, the pirate-publisher of American books, and brought out in a shilling volume, as "The Times, the Telegraph, and other Poems." Mr. Beeton prefixes a

preface, as is his wont in these cases, which the *Book Seller* pronounces "as witty as anything in the volume."

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS is similarly honored by Mr. Beeton, who reprints his old "Potiphar Papers."

MR. DORSEY GARDNER, late editor of the *Trenton (N. J.) Monitor*, is collecting materials for a book to appear in the spring or summer, giving a complete history of the management of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and his views of its influence upon New Jersey.

WE have to record the death, a few weeks since, at Stockholm, Sweden, of Miss Fredrika Bremer, the well-known novelist. Miss Bremer was born in 1802, on the banks of the Aura, near Abo, in Finland. Her father selling his estate there, the family removed to Sweden when she was about three years old; Fredrika, however, was chiefly educated in Norway, under the care of the Countess of Sonnerhjelm. After spending a year in Paris she became a teacher in a female seminary in Stockholm, where, it is to be presumed, she remained a number of years. Her first work, "The Neighbors," was translated into English by Mary Howitt in 1842, and became at once popular. It was followed by "The Home," "The Diary," "The H. Family," "The President's Daughter," "Nina," "Brothers and Sisters," "Life in Dalecarlia," and "The Midnight Sun," all of which were done into English by the same friendly and competent hand, and added much to Miss Bremer's reputation. In 1849, she paid a visit to the United States, where she remained a year or two, traveling in various parts of the country, and making troops of friends. The result of her observations here was embodied in "The Homes of the New World," which was published simultaneously in Sweden, England, and America. Miss Bremer's subsequent writings were "England in 1851," "Hertha," "Father and Daughter," "Two Years in Switzerland and Italy," and a work on the Holy Land and Turkey whose name has escaped us. All these works have been translated into English by Miss Howitt, and reprinted here, and the greater portion into German, French, and Dutch. What rank Miss Bremer is likely to hold in the estimation of posterity cannot, of course, be foreseen; there can be no question, however, that she possessed a unique genius, and in her peculiar walk of fiction was not surpassed by any writer of the time. The cause of her death is not stated.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS announce "Drift: A Seashore Idyl, and other Poems," by the late George Arnold, edited by William Winter; "Lucy Arlen," by J. T. Trowbridge; "St. Martin's Summer," by Annie H. M. Brewster; "Snow-bound: A Winter Idyl," by John G. Whittier; "Honor May: A Novel," "Geological Sketches," by Louis Agassiz; "Companion Poets," volume second, containing Bryant, Whittier, and Holmes; "The Bigelow Papers," second series, by James Russell Lowell; "The Masquerade and other Poems," by John G. Saxé; "Asphodel: A Romance;" "The South Since the War," by Sydney Andrews; "Spare Hours," second series, by John Brown; "The Queen-mother and Rosamond," by Charles Algernon Swinburne; "Royal Truths," by Henry Ward Beecher; "The Life of James Gates Percival," by Julius H. Ward; and "Poems," by Florence Percy.

MRS. HENRY WOOD is about to publish a new novel, entitled "St. Martin's Eve."

MR. J. MUNSELL, of Albany, has in press a new edition of the "Life and Times of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or Red Jacket," by the late William L. Stone; with a memoir of the author, by his son. Particular interest will attach to the memoir from the fact that it will contain a number of letters received by the late Mr. Stone from several of the most distinguished persons in American history.

MISS FREER, the historical writer, has in the press "The Regency of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, Mother of Louis XIV. From Published and Unpublished Sources."

M. VICTOR HUGO's last romance has been translated into English, and will shortly appear under the title of "The Workmen of the Sea."

MR. J. MACGREGOR, of Trinity College, Barrister-at-law, announces "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe, on the Danube, Moselle, Rhine, Reuss, Aar, Marne, Thames, Marn, Seine, Meuse, and the Lakes of Constance and Lucerne."

MR. A. G. STAPLETON will shortly publish "Non-Intervention versus Intervention, or the Foreign Policy of Great Britain from 1790 to 1865."

THE private journals of Captain Thomas Musgrave, which were written in seal's blood, are to be given to the public in the form of a narrative entitled "Cast Away on

the Auckland Isles." It will contain an account of the wreck of the *Grafton*, and of the escape of the crew, after twenty months' suffering; also, a description of the sea-lion and its habits; the whole being edited by Mr. John J. Shillinglaw.

MR. FRANK LEMON is about to appear with a new novel, "Falkner Lyle."

DR. RENNIE has in the press "The Story of the War in Bhootan, including Sketches of a Residence in Himalayas and Bhootan in 1865."

MR. J. LEWIS FARLEY, author of "Two Years in Syria," will shortly publish a work on Turkey.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE return of the Maretzek troupe to this city is a matter of marked interest to the musical and fashionable world. The programme is attractive, though the manager promises no overshadowing novelty like the recent production of "L'Africaine." That opera, however, will be one of the chief attractions of the season, and another of Meyerbeer's works, "L'Etoile du Nord," will be revived, with our charming prima donna, Miss Kellogg, in the principal part. The tenor, Massimiliani, who, last winter, took leading characters, but, during the late season, was eclipsed by Mazzoleni, will once more appear prominently before the public in "Don Sebastian" and other operas. It will be remembered that both in "Don Sebastian" and "L'Africaine" the hero, *Vasco di Gama*, is the same, and the heroine is also, in both cases, of "African descent."

THE concert business has been unusually lively for the past few days. The third Philharmonic concert, on the evening of the 27th instant, at the Academy; the pleasing concert of Miss Zelda Harrison on the same night, at Irving Hall; Madame Raymond-Ritter's charming entertainment at Dodworth's; Mason and Thomas's soiree at the same place; and the debut of the Poznanski brothers, are among the present features in this line.

MR. J. R. THOMAS, the admired baritone, has returned to this city after a visit to Wales and England. He met with a flattering reception abroad, and several of his songs have been published in London.

GRAU's opera company left this city last week for Havana, where *De Vivo* has been for some weeks making preparations for their arrival. Carl Formes has joined the troupe, and has gone with them to Havana. They will introduce "L'Africaine" to the Habanese.

THE production of "Faust" for the first time in New Orleans has proved an attractive card for the agreeable little group of Italian artistes under the management of Max Strakosch. The fortunes of war have hitherto prevented the amateurs of the Crescent City from listening to the delightful strains of Gounod's favorite opera.

MRS. VAN ZANDT, under the Italianized name of Vanzini, has met with a marked success at Copenhagen. She opened the opera season there, on the 3d of January, with "Rigoletto" before an audience of three thousand people, including the King and court of Denmark. The American prima donna, after each act, was called before the curtain and enthusiastically applauded. She has much improved in acting, and will remain abroad for a long time, expecting, next winter, to sing in Milan.

ART.

THE PHILADELPHIA SKETCH CLUB.—An exhibition of sketches contributed by the members of this association is now open at the Derby Gallery, 625 Broadway. Among the names of the contributors we notice those of a great many of our New York artists—Church, Bierstadt, Gifford, Kensett, and others. This gives rise to the query, Why have not our New York artists and amateurs a sketch club of their own? We cannot help thinking it somewhat of a slight upon New York that her best draughtsmen should "go back" upon her in this matter. The Philadelphia Sketch Club is very welcome to us, but we should have preferred it unmixed, like the hairs and the butter—Philadelphia on one plate, New York on another. Nevertheless, the exhibition is a very interesting one. There is great variety of style and subject in the drawings brought together, and the impression left by a careful inspection of them is that there are few more industrious workers than those who follow the profession of art.

Lithography is making good progress here. We saw a few days since a portrait on stone of Mr. F. Chanfrau, the well-known character actor. It is a life-size head, drawn upon the stone by Mr. E. Brown, at whose studio in the building on the S.E. corner of Broadway and Bond

Street, we saw it. Mr. Brown has been serving in the navy during the late war, and has resumed the crayon only a short time since. Judging of the portrait in question as it appeared upon the stone, before being committed to the hands of the printer, it appeared to us to possess much excellence, displaying the first essential of portraiture, truthfulness to the original, at the same time that it is wrought up to a very high perfection of artistic finish. The same artist showed us the portrait of a lady lately drawn by him on stone, and which is not intended for printing, but is to be framed or set in some kind of *passe partout*. This is a work of miniature size, and, as a specimen of artistic manipulation and finish upon a somewhat difficult surface, it is one of the best we remember to have seen.

At the Society of Arts, in London, a paper was lately read on the subject of the graphotype, a process invented by Mr. D. C. Hitchcock, of this city, for the purpose of producing drawings in relief, like the blocks cut by the wood engraver. Mr. Hitchcock is, we believe, in England now with a view of turning his invention to account there, an object in which, from the report seen by us of the paper in question, he is likely to succeed. In discussing the merits of the process at the meeting referred to, the veteran George Cruikshank made the rather strange objection to it that "it would require some practice in the artist to reverse his pictures." As the same remark is applicable to all drawings made upon any material whatever for printing from, we do not see the particular force of it as applied to the graphotype.

DRAMA.

A WORD OF PROTEST.

THE theatrical profession seems just now to be at the flood-tide of prosperity. In New York several new places of amusement have been opened recently, new theaters are building or in contemplation, while nearly every public entertainment is nightly thronged with eager pleasure-seekers. The most notable circumstance in connection with the growing taste in this country for dramatic representations is the amazing poverty of our national literature in dramatic works. The production of a distinctively dramatic play is one of the rarest of events. Night after night, year in and year out, our people applaud, and laugh or cry over, the efforts of English or French playwrights, and for several years there has not been a single instance of a play by an American author. True, we occasionally have an English play rehearsed by some Englishman or Irishman temporarily residing in this country, such as Boucicault, but that is all. Against this we protest *in toto*. It is extremely discreditable to both managers and writers that when Mr. Lester Wallack has a novelty to announce it must be a play written or adapted by Tom Taylor or some other English playwright. There is dramatic talent in this country, for, so far as relates to acting, our actors are equal if not superior to those on the English boards. We could print a column of names of actors and actresses who rank high in their profession, and, were proper encouragement given, we might boast of a dramatic literature at least as good as that which distinguishes the modern English stage.

There has been a great deal said of late about the Managers' Association of New York. So far as we can judge, its main objects appear to be to prevent the *Herald* from obtaining advertisements and to keep down the salaries of musicians. If it has any other object we have not heard of it. Certain it is, however, that its members discourage American productions. But, despite them, we are convinced that the time is not far off when the public will insist upon having something better than the leavings of the English and French stage.

Of late years there has been a commendable effort made by several of our leading theaters to produce plays in as perfect a manner as possible, so far as scenery and stage effects are concerned. This is well enough. But we object to the utter want of originality displayed by all the managers. Occasionally we hear of Shakespearian revivals in England, in which the plays of the great dramatist are produced with particular reference to historical accuracy and completeness. No such efforts have been made in this city within the memory of the present generation of play-goers. We also hear of the production in England of what may be termed out-of-the-way plays, such as Byron's "Manfred," and recently the "Two Foscari" was brought out in Birmingham. These are not strictly dramatic works, but they afford the actors a chance to display their elocution upon something else than mere dialogues. It would not surprise us if Swinburne's "Chastelard," adapted for the stage, were enacted in London, and we give the hint to the New York managers, quite sure, however, that they will not profit by it.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

"BEWARE THE UNDER-TOW!"

THE political papers have been saying that Congressmen saw their constituents during the Christmas holidays, and are now better prepared to represent the popular will in their action. Is it so? What portion of their constituency did the members meet during the recess? The editors of their county newspapers, probably; the traders, and manufacturers, and leading politicians. Did they see the people—the hard-handed—the men who create the wealth which the skill of the brokers and manufacturers gathers up? If not, they know only the surface current. There is a strong under-tow that may be moving in quite another course, and that, a little further on, may come to the surface and drive them back, freighted with so many hopes and steered with such wonderful craft, upon the lee shore. Let them timely "beware the under-tow."

The semi-official statement of the President's views on the question which has agitated the House of Representatives for the past few days, is calculated to inspire fresh confidence in him on the part of the people. Mr. Johnson deprecates the disposition to amend the Constitution as tending to diminish its dignity and prestige, and to lessen the respect and confidence of the people in their great charter of freedom; but if the basis of representation and taxation were to be changed he would suggest the following amendment:

"Representatives shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this Union according to the number of qualified voters in each state."

"Direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this Union according to the value of all taxable property in each state."

This is an admirable compromise between the various propositions brought before the House, and if the conservative republicans and democrats were to give it their support, they could secure its indorsement in Congress.

Popular faith in the President and his measures is most deep, and more general than the majority in Congress seem to be aware, and the studied insult and annoyance brought to bear upon the President are felt. Let not Congressmen assume that silence means assent. All these things are treasured up in the popular heart, and the indignation they create will not fail of ultimate expression. When the House affirms that the President ought not to reduce the army in the South till Congress has so advised, can anybody fail to see that here is both an impertinent interference with the functions of the executive and a condemnation of the policy now in progress under the advice of General Grant? And when resolution after resolution expressing confidence in the President is thrown into the bottomless gulf of the reconstruction committee's budget, what is it but a reiterated insult to the chief magistrate? Nor have the people failed to note the multitude of projects, some stupid, some ingenious, but all alike intended to obstruct the restoration of the Southern States to their former position in the Union. And when they remember that, in the adoption of the amendment to the United States Constitution by those states, and in the repudiation of their debts incurred in the war, these states have given security such as no radical had previously dreamed of obtaining from their consent, they ascribe these unexpected achievements to the wisdom and magnanimity of the President, and justly estimate them to be the best evidences of the soundness of his policy. The people are willing that any additional guarantee of loyalty and justice that can be reasonably desired shall be imposed upon the returning states; they are not willing that the southern people shall be repelled

by petty and annoying legislation; they do not believe that humiliation will contribute to the soundness of their loyalty, and they think it evidence neither of sense nor statesmanship when a senator from the state that boasts of furnishing brains to the nation gravely proposes to secure equality in the South by apportioning jurors according to the relative number of whites and blacks in a community. Of all this folly the people are weary—oh, how weary! The safety of the dominant party this year has come from popular reluctance to trust the country in the hands of men whose record during the war is not irreproachable. But there is a point beyond which the patience of the people will not hold out. They want the Union restored and harmonized. If one party cannot or will not do it, they will try another, or create a new party. The under-tow is hidden now, but it moves strongly and irresistibly, and it will come to the surface. Let politicians "beware the under-tow."

PROFESSIONAL PUFFERY.

IN a recent issue of THE ROUND TABLE we published the names of a number of clergymen who suffer their opinions of various articles to be printed as advertisements. The list was confined to clergymen, because such a lowering of personal dignity seemed especially out of character in a calling so exalted. The article was, however, intended to be the precursor of others which should be more complete in their statement and more comprehensive in their application. The anticipated evidence has already reached us to an extent which compels a return to the subject, and necessarily with more explicitness and greater severity. We confess that we had no true conception of the very general extent to which this habit of ministerial and other professional puffery has advanced. We find it embracing very many names which we did not suppose could be procured with any article of mere merchandise. As many of them as are before us, whether of clergymen or others who hold responsible positions, we shall here produce, and will also say that it is our intention to continue such publications whenever a responsible name appears in connection with a puff.

We have before us a copy of the *Independent* published on the 7th of December, 1865. One of the editorial columns of that paper is entirely taken up with an unmitigated puff of a certain sewing machine, purporting to be written by "Jennie June," a name familiar to the public. Other conspicuous columns are devoted to two efforts of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, one entitled a "Lecture-room Talk" on the "Christian's assurance of acceptance with God," and the other a "Discourse on Pianos." Equal prominence is given to each, and a similar fervor appears to inspire each, so that it is simply impossible to say from this evidence alone whether pianos or Christianity are uppermost in the minds of the conductors of the *Independent* and of Rev. Mr. Beecher. We do not say this irreverently, or to take away from the dignity of aught that is good, but because we believe it is time that men occupying posts of responsibility should be held accountable for such use of their names. The motto printed at the head of the *Independent* every week declares, "But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts." Now, we would respectfully ask if there is anything in the gospel which calls for "discourses" in advocacy of particular piano-forte makers? Turning to the discourses themselves, we quote the words of Mr. Beecher:

"A man that learns to measure himself by the law of love, and then looks at himself, cannot but feel every day of his life that he is utterly sinful before God. He must lay his hand on his mouth, and his mouth in the dust and cry, 'Unclean! unclean! God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

And this from the "discourse" on pianos, which is a most elaborate puff of a certain house, the name of which we will not quote:

"For common pianos scores of honored names compete in Philadelphia, in Albany, in Boston, in New York, and even in Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y., where we were surprised to find a large and flourishing manufactory. Perhaps three or four houses contest pre-eminence in *grand pianos*. We shall not compare or determine. We have chosen, and do not wish to rechoose."

We do not know that Mr. Beecher ever received a

piano for this advertisement or any reward for it; but we do know that the dealers mentioned have circulated that particular copy of the *Independent* as a card for their house. Is there any Christian man or woman who can approve of such commingling of trade and religion?

We find a somewhat kindred illustration in connection with another religious journal, the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. We believe that this paper is the recognized organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, and have understood that many of its writers are prominent Christian ministers. We do not think it has been wont to indulge in undignified puffs as have the *Independent* and the *Observer*. But it seems that not many months ago a council was held at its publication rooms to investigate charges made against Rev. Dr. Curry, alleging that he had procured an overcoat, a sewing machine, and a melodeon or cabinet organ, by writing certain commendations thereof for the columns of the *Advocate and Journal*. We also understand that these charges were, in part at least, sustained. It is entirely irrelevant what may have been Dr. Curry's relations to the paper in question. He may have been publisher, editor, or contributor, but that is a matter with which the public have nothing to do. In any case, as a Christian minister, he occupied a position of influence which he was bound to respect. It cannot be that any man or woman anxious for the good name of men holding such honorable posts can approve of the sale of any portion of the columns of a religious weekly to individual interests. To procure an overcoat or sewing machine in this way would hardly be called a dignified proceeding.

But the clergy are not the only persons at fault in this matter. We find other gentlemen, prominent in society, suffering their names to be passed about in not very worthy connections. And to show how great the evil is, before proceeding with any further comments, we will give a list of names which we find used in one way or another to give efficacy to advertisements of either sewing machines, hair restoratives, buchu, pianos, bitters, medicines, or wringing machines. To make the matter clearer, we have classified them, and can only say that we trust the gentlemen enumerated are not wholly responsible for the associations in which the papers make them to appear:

BUCHUS.	
Hon. Wm. Bigler, ex-Governor, Penn.	Rev. William Cutter, New York City.
Hon. Thos. B. Florence, Phil.	Rev. D. Morris, Cross River, N.Y.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Phil.	Rev. M. Thatcher, Pitcher, N.Y.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Phil.	Rev. D. T. Wood, Middletown, N.Y.
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor, Penn.	Rev. H. C. Smith, Prattsburg, N.Y.
Hon. Ellis Levis, Judge, Phil.	Rev. E. C. Andrus, Martinsburg, N.Y.
Hon. R. C. Grier, Judge, United States Court.	Rev. James McFarland, Esopus, N.Y.
Hon. G. W. Woodward, Judge, Phil.	Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn.
Hon. W. A. Porter, City Solicitor, Phil.	Rev. Daniel Wise, New York.
Hon. John Bigler, ex-Governor, California.	Prof. Edward North, Hamilton College, N.Y.
Hon. E. Banks, Auditor-General, Washington, D.C.	Hon. P. H. Sweetser, South Reading, Mass.
And many others, if necessary.	Rev. P. K. Chase, Rumney, N.H.
BITTERS.	
Hon. Thos. B. Florence, Washington, D.C.	Archdeacon Scott, D.D., Canada East.
Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Phil.	
WRINGING MACHINES.	
Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, Brooklyn, N.Y.	Rev. H. W. Beecher.
Rev. Dr. Bellows, New York City.	Rev. Dr. Curry.
Rev. J. S. Cathorn, Rochester, N.Y.	Rev. H. V. Degen, Boston, Mass.
	Rev. A. Webster, Boston, Mass.
	S. D. Morley, Attleboro, Mass.
	Amos Blanchard, Meriden, Conn.
MEDICINES.	
Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York City.	J. F. Griswold, Washington, N.H.
	Rev. J. Moore, Cape May, N.J.
	Rev. Jas. Hoyt, Orange, N.J.
	Rev. C. H. Klink, Lewistown, Pa.
HAIR RESTORATIVES.	
Rev. C. A. Buckbee, New York City.	Rev. E. Evans, Delhi, O.
Rev. J. McKee, New York City.	Rev. R. H. Pollock, Cincinnati, O.
Rev. E. R. Fairchild, New York City.	Rev. D. W. Clark, Cincinnati, O.
	Rev. J. H. Cornell, N.Y. City.

Of course this list is not complete, but, as we said at the outset, we purpose to publish the name of any person holding a responsible position whenever we find it in any such connection as those already given.

It is surely high time that men of standing should be more watchful of their good names. If they are used without authority, as they too often are, some effort should be made instantly towards their withdrawal. For while they so appear before the public, they are held accountable for that which they at least are supposed to say. But if judges, governors, senators, professors, and clergymen have no more exalted

idea of their occupation than to belittle it with puffs of nostrums, machines, or bogus companies, and if editors have no more honor than to prostitute their editorial columns to private interests, then it were well if a new race of professional men should take the field, or, at least, a new standard of action should inspire the leaders. The people will follow where the kings lead. And the misfortunes of the many are the result of the misconduct of the few. If the men in high places descend to improprieties, how can they expect to find dignity and uprightness among those of low estate? More than this, the law of the land should find its way with no light infliction to that person who knowingly and intentionally imposes an evil upon any of his fellows. The great want of the times is not so much shining names as of men who will have a just appreciation of the proprieties of life, and the indecencies of professional puffery.

LEGAL RESTRICTION OF VICE.

THE recommendation of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, in their recent report, that the Legislature give them some supervision over the houses of prostitution in this city, has, from the nature of the subject, excited very little public discussion; yet it is not unlikely that some such authority may be given them by the Legislature. Indeed, a bill has been introduced in that body, by a member from this city, to place such houses under the control of the police, and to provide a system of licenses for them, the latter feature being similar to the Parisian plan of dealing with the evil under consideration. There is an innate and irresistible repugnance in Anglo-Saxon and Protestant communities to publicly recognizing the existence of prostitution, even to the extent of providing measures for its restriction within prescribed limits. The arguments against such recognition are so obvious that they do not call for recapitulation at this time. It is the other side of the question, therefore, which requires consideration.

The considerations in favor of recognizing prostitution by law with a view of restricting it are by no means weak. There has grown up in this city under our present system a practice which cannot be checked until the police are invested by law with more power than they now have. We refer to the raids upon houses of ill-fame of which we read in the daily papers every few days. The result of these "descents" is usually this: the women are marched to a police-court, compelled to fee some shyster of a lawyer, and after a reprimand or fine, or perhaps a few days' imprisonment, are set at liberty to resume their shameless trade. Not unfrequently these raids are inspired by some wretch in the neighborhood of the Tombs, who profits by the arrest, or by some member of the police to whom the victims have refused to give a bribe. Were licenses issued, the responsibility of offending the general public by unseemly display would rest with the police, and, it is claimed, the number of low houses would decrease.

Under our present system the only ground upon which a house of prostitution can be broken up is a formal complaint that it is a disturbance to the neighborhood or a public nuisance. There is absolutely nothing to prevent the opening of such a house in the best street in the city. One such place not merely is a blotch upon the block in which it is situated, but depreciates the value of the property in the vicinity. Yet there is no relief for the neighborhood so long as the said house does not disturb the peace. Extra-judicial measures have been tried, but without effect. Not very long since, policemen were stationed at night in front of a certain house up town with dark lanterns, which they flashed in the face of every one who entered or came out of it, but the only effect was to attract a crowd, and thus magnify the evil which was to be removed. In Paris all such houses are restricted to a certain quarter of the city, and their occupants as well; and it is deserving of consideration whether some such system should not be adopted here. Were the police authorized by law to break up every house of prostitution outside of a prescribed section of the city, not only would their number be limited, but an enlightened public sentiment might make it so hazardous for

one's reputation to be seen in that quarter that none but the vilest of men would venture within it.

Another very important consideration, and one that is too often overlooked, is the effect of prostitution upon the health of a community. We do not care to introduce into these columns statistics bearing upon this point, but those who wish to study them can do so by reference to Dr. Sanger's book, published a few years since.

There is, of course, a natural repugnance to taking any step which would appear to legalize the vice which is now under consideration. There are laws relating to gambling and intemperance, but the public sentiment has forbidden legislation having reference to prostitution. This sentiment springs from the highest of motives, and argues well for the moral sense of the community, and we would be the last to utter a word that, directly or indirectly, would conflict with it. Yet the question must be decided sooner or later, whether the law shall deal with a vice which society does not name, but of the existence of which it cannot be ignorant. If it be shown that the effect of such legislation would be to throw around the practice of this vice a single safeguard, it should not be thought of for a single moment; but if laws can be framed which will both restrict its spread and render it more odious than ever, it is a public duty to enact such laws and enforce them at once.

PERSONALITIES OF JOURNALISM.

IT cannot have escaped the notice of the readers of our daily papers that the tendency to interweave bitter personalities in controversial articles is on the increase. Not only is a correct taste offended, but often truth is disregarded to an extent that is the more reprehensible because of the means accessible to the writers for ascertaining what the truth is. We do not refer now to the too common practice of imputing unworthy motives to opponents, but to the habit of dragging in names without warrant, or pointing to certain peculiarities of persons which are nobody's business but their own. Country editors of little culture and less sense are expected to violate all the rules of decorum, since those who do so are too ignorant to know better; but for the writers on the papers in the large cities no such plea can be entered. Hardly a day passes but we find instances of these violations of decency in the journals of this city, as well as in those that come to us from Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and other large cities. A stranger reading the issues of these papers for a week would be slow to believe that their editors claimed to be gentlemen who would resent as a personal injury the slightest hint that they were not. We do not refer to the low scurrilities of the *Herald* about the editors of its cotemporaries, for one is not more surprised by them than he would be at hearing profanity in the Sixth Ward; but we have in mind personalities of another sort which appear in journals that circulate among and claim to represent the sentiments of the better portion of the community.

An illustration will perhaps best explain our meaning. It is the practice of most newspapers that undertake to animadvert upon the New York *Tribune* to attack Mr. Horace Greeley by name, instead of confining their strictures to the journal of which he happens to be the editor. This, of course, opens the way for the meanest personalities, and the public is served with criticisms upon that gentleman's peculiar style of dress, his mode of living, and, oftentimes, epithets are attached to his name such as no person would use in private conversation with him. There may be those who solemnly believe that every line in the *Tribune*, including advertisements, is written by its chief editor, but they do not live in this city, and, least of all, are they writers for the press. One journal in particular is fond of inviting the *Tribune* to a calm discussion of some particular topic of public interest, yet no sooner does the *Tribune* accept the invitation, and venture to state in a temperate manner its reasons for differing with its cotemporary, than the latter flies at Mr. Greeley in person, and belabors him with language which, to say the least, is sadly out of place. Our readers need not infer from

this reference to the *Tribune* that we regard it as only the victim of its rivals; on the contrary, there is scarcely a newspaper in the country that is more reprehensible for the personal animosity with which it attacks its opponents than this very journal. We merely cited it as an instance of the practice under review. In a similar way, Mr. Bryant is blamed for what appears in the *Evening Post*; Mr. Raymond is attacked for the utterances of the *Times*; criticisms on the *World* are frequently put into the form of diatribes against Mr. Marble; and out of the city prominent journalists, like George D. Prentice, Charles A. Dana, and John W. Forney, are almost always selected as the targets at which the newspapers let fly their missiles, instead of the papers of which these gentlemen are the editors. Surely this is not true journalistic courtesy. It is not even decency.

The limits of criticism seem to us so plain that we are surprised that any practiced journalist should overstep them. A newspaper is a legitimate subject for comment, favorable or adverse; but not so with its editor or editors. The views advanced by an editorial writer in a journal are written as the utterances of the journal, and are given to the world as such. It is no one's business who the writer is, how he lives, what he wears, or what opinions he holds upon questions not discussed in his paper. His responsibility to the public or his cotemporaries as a journalist is confined to his journal. To go behind the impersonality of a paper is too mean a thing for any honorable man to do. For example, it is one thing for a newspaper to criticize the *Observer*, or to animadvert upon any article printed in it; but to go back of the paper and attack by name Messrs. Morse and Prime, or any other gentleman known to be attached to the paper, is quite a different thing. Whatever a man may write and publish over his own name, he may justly be held personally responsible for, but the press has nothing to do with him in person except in such a case as this. One paper may criticize another as scathingly as the English language may allow, and yet keep within the bounds of propriety; but it has no right to go further and assail the editor of that paper in his private character. Mr. Raymond is not the *Times*, nor Mr. Greeley the *Tribune*, nor Mr. Bryant the *Post*, nor Mr. Tilton the *Independent*. Each of these gentlemen may be legitimate objects of criticism for what they may do in public outside of their papers, but not for what they may say through the medium of those papers. And so of every editor and every journal in the country: each newspaper has a personality of its own, irrespective of its editor or editors, and no other paper claiming to act honorably will ever ignore that in order to assail its editor in person.

The same rule applies to criticism in general. The critic may say what he please of an author as an author, but no more. The style, the manner in which the work has been done, the author's fitness or unfitness for the task—these are legitimate subjects for review; but his manner of life, his views upon matters not related to the work under consideration, his private affairs—with none of these particulars has the critic any business. In a word, a man may be publicly criticised upon his relations to the public, but no further. Strictures within these limits upon an author as well as his works do not overstep propriety. They are perfectly admissible. But animadversions upon his private character, though it be anything but reputable, have no place in honorable criticism.

These views are expressed because of the very loose notions upon criticism which seem to prevail at the present time. Nothing is so spicily as personality, yet nothing is more dangerous. Young critics, especially, are prone to yield to the temptation to say a sharp thing of a person, when, in truth, they have no business to do anything of the kind. On the other hand, there is a class of persons who err in the opposite extreme, and wax indignant over the mere mention of a person's name by a journal unless by way of compliment. They, too, are wrong. Within the limits already defined the use of names is perfectly proper, but beyond those limits those names should be held sacred; and when the line of demarcation between honorable criticism and personal abuse is so clearly defined, whoever transgresses it should receive the sternest reprobation.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

TICKNOR & FIELDS.

III.

WE come now to speak of the foreign connections of this house. Among their earliest issues was "The Rejected Addresses" of the brothers Smith, which has been popular enough to wear out one set of plates and call for another. Their earliest connection with a living writer, however, was with Tennyson, when, through the medium of a gentleman of Cambridge, going abroad for his health, they made with him the arrangement for the simultaneous issue of his volumes here, which has remained binding ever since. They issued his poems in June, 1842, and it took till 1845 to sell an edition of 1,000 copies. They have since, it is well known, put his successive volumes into a great variety of shapes, constantly correcting their plates to correspond with the changes that he has made in his text.

Mr. Fields first went to Europe on the business of the house in 1847, and perfected arrangements, or established such relationship, as subsequently led to the addition of many prominent names to their list. The most voluminous of these was De Quincey, the ferreting out and collecting of whose writings was begun soon after Mr. Fields's return, the editor having got some hints for the process from an interview with the author which he had had at Lasswade, on the Esk. The issue began, in 1851, with the "Opium Eater," and has been continued until now the series numbers twenty-two volumes, exclusive of a volume of "Beauties." The difficulty of making this collection was no trifle. De Quincey himself had been applied to by the London publishers, but he expressed a great aversion to the scheme, declaring it impossible. A paper in the London "Eclectic," in 1850, on his characteristics, chronicling this refusal, adds, "We suspect, at least, that death must seal his lips ere such a collection shall be made." At that very moment the edition under consideration had been arranged. The culling of the products of an author from among the vast amount of periodic literature for thirty years, not an easy matter for an editor under any circumstances, was doubly difficult when their author was seemingly oblivious of most of them. By the fortunes of his life he had been reduced to gaining his livelihood by his writing, and his papers had been not, indeed, hastily, but promptly written, dispatched, and viewed solely in the light of a bill rendered for amounts due. He seems, at times, to have had little choice in his company, and to have written as freely for the obscurest as for the most famous of the periodicals. We read since his death (1859), in an English journal, of something of his habits in this respect up to a late period of his life. "It was the oddest thing in the world," said this journalist, "to see this veteran man of genius, whose services the greatest periodical in the land might have been glad to command at any price, composing articles for a local periodical, and, while posting the manuscript at the Lasswade post-office, fearing lest, from being too late, they might be rejected altogether." In the search for these scattered memorials, in a large number of instances there was no guide but the internal evidence, and as a proof of how this test may jog the forgetfulness of an author, a little incident is in point. In the course of his reprint the American editor inserted a certain article which he had eliminated on the above principles. De Quincey, on receiving the volume, wrote to him disowning it and somewhat elated at the slip. It was not long, however, before a recurrent memory, or some other indubitable evidence, convinced the author of his error, and he made due apologies for his forgetfulness. It was such experience as this, doubtless, that prompted a note he subsequently appended to his "Essenes." He had been asked if he had not written some other article than the one printed on the same subject. He confessed his ignorance, and referred his interlocutors to a city, as he says, "as notorious to us in England for the kindness of her society as for her intellectual distinction and her high literary rank. It is astonishing," he adds, "how much more Boston knows of my literary acts and purposes than I do myself. Were it not, indeed, through Boston, hardly the sixth part of my literary undertakings, hurried or deliberate, sound, rotting, or rotten, would ever have reached posterity."

The perseverance and discrimination that perfected the present edition has called forth praise from various quarters, and received proper recognition in an elaborate review of De Quincey and his writings, incident to the completion of a new edition in Edinburgh, in the "North British Review," two years ago.

The Boston edition had gone on to seven or eight volumes when De Quincey himself, acceding at last to the requests of others, put himself to the task of selecting such portions of his writings as he thought would meet with success in the English market. In advising his Boston publishers of this intention, under date of January, 1853, he explained his plan of revision, which included large intercalations and other changes, and, in view of the share he had been allowed in the profits of their edition, he desired it understood that, as far as law or custom allowed him, he transferred this property to them. By the issue of the initial volume of the English edition, it appeared that his changes in the papers of an autobiographical nature were sufficiently great to necessitate an entire recasting of the volume which the American publishers had already issued as "Life and Manners," a portion of the material of that volume now standing in the series thus enlarged as "Autobiographic Sketches," while the remainder of the volume was subsequently embodied in those called "Memorials." In pursuing his own collection, the author made some rather arbitrary divisions of his works into classes, which did not altogether please the English critics, and an article in "Fraser" expressed a preference for the looser but more accessible plan of the American edition, as being more serviceable to one seeking any particular article. This London edition of Hogg & Son, which extended to fourteen volumes, was made, however, intrinsically valuable by an index to the whole, which we hope will be added to the American edition when the publishers are satisfied that the field is completely gleaned. That it is not at present seems to be the case from some lists that Mr. Bohn has printed in his "Manual" of articles that De Quincey is known to have contributed to the "London," "Tait's," and "Blackwood's" magazines, which contain several titles not embodied in any edition yet. It may be that they are little worth the work of collection, but there are, in the thirteen papers in the Boston edition which are not contained either in the London or the subsequent reprint by Black, of Edinburgh (1863), several that could not with propriety be omitted. It appears, then, that the first and as yet most complete edition of his writings is this made by the present house.

Barry Cornwall's connection dates back to the time of this visit of Mr. Fields. They first issued an enlarged collection of his "English Songs," with the author's revision, and in 1852 added two volumes of his prose, "Essays and Tales," collected at their instance, with a revision of the original text in some cases. In 1857 they issued, simultaneously with the English publishers, his last volume, a collection of "Dramatic Scenes, with other Poems, now first printed."

The republication of Motherwell's poems, which had taken place previously, links them with another name. There had been no English edition of Motherwell since 1832, and twenty years ago, or more, this last volume received their imprint, and subsequently they issued a collection of his posthumous poems and his "Ancient and Modern Minstrelsy." The result proved their knowledge of the market; the editions were sold, creating such a demand that they have since issued them with revisions, latest aggregations, and a life in the "blue and gold" series, following a recent London edition. Previous to the appearance of this last, however, Miss Mitford relates that a friend searched throughout that great book mart for a copy of the poems, and only at last succeeded in finding a copy of the Boston edition. Shortly after she had secured the coveted volume, Mr. Fields in paying her a visit was rejoiced to see his reprint on her table. It was a link of sympathy and a welcome introduction to further intercourse, of which she makes pleasant mention in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," and he holds mementoes in some five hundred of her letters, accruing from reciprocal intercourse, which will be very valuable to the future

historian of her life, fitly accompanying, as they do, Lucas's likeness of the lady, left him by her will, an engraving of which ornaments one of their issues of her works. They published a revised edition of "Our Village," followed by "Atherton, and other Tales," in 1854, their author dying the following year.

Bowring was another connection which was established at this time. His "Matins and Vespers" had reached a fourth edition in England in 1851, and about that time they reprinted it in 16mo, since included in the "blue and gold" likewise.

Associations with Leigh Hunt at this time did not beget anything from their press till ten years later, when one of the latest of the author's literary tasks was to superintend a collection of his complete poetical works, never accomplished before, for this house. He speaks of it in his autobiography "as proposed to me and carried out in Boston by my friend, Mr. Lee," that gentleman having editorial supervision in the matter. This was in 1857, and two years later the poet died. His library, on its dispersion, came, in part, to America, and a considerable portion is now in the keeping of Mr. Fields. The volumes are richly and curiously annotated, whereof he pleasantly advised the public in an article in the "Atlantic" early in the last year. The American edition was followed by one edited by his son, issued in London the year after his death; and this, because of the priority of the Boston imprints, caused the *Saturday Review* to conclude that the poet stood higher with the "less discriminating and more sympathetic American public" than with his own countrymen.

Similar delay followed upon their first relations with Mrs. Jameson. It was not till after the beginning of their "blue and gold" series that they commenced the reprinting of her works in that style, and she was engaged in preparing a text for it of her "Sacred and Legendary Art" at the time of her death. The labor fell upon another, and their edition, as it now stands, embraces ten volumes, reduplicated also in the "cabinet series." They had previously issued her two lectures on the social employment of women, entitled "Sisters of Charity, etc.," in 16mo, in 1857. Other works which came of this intercourse, thus early established, were Carlyle's version of "Wilhelm Meister;" a reprint of Henry Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde;" an edition of Dickens's works, which they issue for the London publishers; a collection of Thackeray's ballads, whose author dates his preface at Boston, in October, 1855, while on his second visit to this country; and the autobiography of Leslie—the London publisher, Murray turning over that book to them, "believing that, as personal friends of the author, they would be most disposed to promote the interests of the work and of the family."

The other authors whose names are on their catalogues of 1855, and whose connections with the house are, consequently, of more than ten years' standing, are Charles Reade, whose "Peg Woffington" at once secured their interest; William Howitt and his daughter, Anna M. Howitt—the latter's "School of Life" and "Art Student in Munich," however, have been suffered to get out of print; and the same may be said of the poems of Richard Monckton Milnes and Charles Mackay, neither of which are now in print, and the last volume, at least, was prepared especially at this house's suggestion. Of the Kingsleys, Charles comes within this time, but Henry's works were subsequently added to their list. They had already begun upon Mayne Reid's juveniles, and, in the last decade, they have produced an average of one a year till the whole series now numbers fifteen. Browning's connection began before this, and the next addition to their list of his works, it is likely, will be the new poem now promised in England, which is, we believe, a story of the seventeenth century in Italy. Philip James Bailey was not put upon their catalogue until after other publishers had, by priority, acquired the right to the American market for his "Festus," and the later volumes of his which they have published were not calculated to make the impression of his earliest venture. They secured Alexander Smith immediately upon his sudden outburst in England, and have faithfully reproduced his works since; but, from his waning popularity as a poet, they were, perhaps, glad to wel-

come his change to an agreeable writer of tales; three of his books of prose they have reprinted within one half year.

Among the earliest of their projects during the last decade was a collection of Scott's works, which, now in seventy-four volumes, includes the novels, "Tales of a Grandfather," "Poems," and Lockhart's "Life." As the novels are sold separately, we have ascertained that for popularity at this day with us "Ivanhoe" stands first, "Waverley" second, and "Guy Mannering" next. They have also printed an edition of the novels which Scott praised so much himself—those of Jane Austen. Another collective issue has been that of Richter's writings, translated by various persons, though mainly by Mr. Brooks, which is accompanied with a new edition of his life by Mrs. Lee. The result of this proves Jean Paul to have a marked hold upon our public, despite difficulties in the way of sympathy. The effusions of "The Country Parson" had attracted their attention before he made his first collection, but their projected edition was still unprepared when the author issued his initial volume in England, which they followed at once, and soon established arrangements for simultaneous issue here and in England of his subsequent works. The series of Robertson's "Sermons" has had an unwonted success with the general public, receiving readers among the class not usually prone to such reading. The interest in them has been particularly great in Boston, and upon the issue of his life recently it was thought of enough popular interest to become the theme of discourse in several of the pulpits. Mr. Smiles has made them the American publishers of his popular series of industrial biographies, one of the volumes being especially prepared for their imprint. Tom Hughes's breezy books have hardly kept up the initial success of his "School Days at Rugby." In their issue of the papers of Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, they elided from his two volumes, as issued in England, the strictly professional papers, leaving "Rab and his Friends," and the rest of general interest, and put the title "Spare Hours" to the single volume, with the author's consent, and it was dedicated to Whittier. They are to make shortly his "Pet Marjorie" the nucleus of another pleasant volume, for which material has already accumulated.

Of the later writers in verse we may mention the Irish poet, Allingham; the reiterative Dobell (who can hardly worm himself into favor, nevertheless); Clough (in much the same category, though Mr. Norton appends an appreciative memoir); Owen Meredith, who is positively popular enough to endure two distinct issues; and the same may be said of Gerald Massey (now collecting for them a second volume), whose last corrected edition he dedicated to Mr. Fields. All these are in "blue and gold."

The most noticeable of their poets in 16mo are Matthew Arnold, whose recent "Essays on Criticism" is again directing attention to him; Professor Aytoun, hardly a success as a poet; Miss Muloch; and Coventry Patmore, whose subsequent volumes have not met the favor of his first.

We have thus attempted, as concisely as possible, to trace the history of this prominent Boston house, and to show how extensive and varied has been the patronage that it has led the public to bestow upon our own and foreign authors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, January 10, 1866.

COMTE PORTRAYED BY LEWES.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES is certainly at present the leading *littérateur*, using the word strictly, in England. His style has a clearness like that of the finest glass, through which one sees objects without being aware of a medium; and he has also ideas and knowledge stretching in wonderful variety beyond this great window, like a simple and grand landscape which holds silver mountain-peaks and butterfly-haunted blossoms in its range with equal distinctness. No man living can so well interpret for you German philosophy and Patti's singing, the physiology of man or of Miss Braddon's novel, Goethe or Matthews's acting in "Used Up." The only fear is that he will work too hard and injure his health, which I hear (I am not acquainted with him) is

not quite perfect. I have already assured you that he has at length succeeded in making the "Fortnightly" the best review in England. If it improves hereafter in an equal ratio it will presently surpass the "Revue des Deux Mondes." But I now write to mention particularly as marvelous a piece of personal delineation, biographical study, and metaphysical exposition—all artistically blended into one crystalline work—as I have ever had the good fortune to see; it is Mr. Lewes's account of Auguste Comte, just published. I cannot give you any substantial account of this wonderful article, and I shall not attempt to. I can, in this regard, only say that it is final concerning the historic position of the last great French philosopher, and that no student of Comte should be without it. But I must give a few portions of the fringes of it, so to speak, for fear that your readers are yet so "unfortnight" as not to see the number of the review which contains it. For Mr. Lewes is not only the leading representative of the "Philosophie Positive" now living (though he is not a disciple of Comte's religious or political systems), but was also the personal friend of Comte—though he seems to have lost that friendship by his unwillingness to submit to the intellectual despotism which Comte appears to have aimed to establish among his friends in his last years. After giving an intensely interesting account of Comte's childhood, in which he was remarkable for his ardor in study and his resistance to discipline; of his boyhood, in which, at the age of fourteen, he is a radical in politics and theology, and in his eighteenth year is sent away from the Ecole Polytechnique for heading an invitation to a disagreeable professor to stay at home; of his youth at Paris, as secretary to Perier and to St. Simon, with both of whom he had ruptures—we find Comte, at twenty-eight years of age, married and announcing a course of seventy-two lectures, in his private rooms, on science and philosophy. Mr. Lewes's account of the temporary insanity to which all this led is painfully thrilling. In 1842 he is separated from his wife. "It is clear," says Mr. Lewes on this point, "from many indications, that they quarreled frequently and violently; that their views of life were different, and, probably, the worldly views of one were a continual exasperation to the other; but it is also clear that he did not regard her as having done anything to forfeit his respect and admiration; in one of his letters he lays the principal stress on the fact of her having never loved him. He continued for some years to correspond with her on affectionate terms." Through the persecutions of theologians, etc., he was deprived of an official position which he had in the Ecole Polytechnique, and became very poor. "To mitigate the blow three Englishmen—Mr. Grote, Mr. Raikes Currie, and Sir W. Molesworth—through the intervention of Mr. John Stuart Mill, offered to replace the official salary for one year, understanding that at the end of the year Comte would be either reinstated or would have resolved on some other career. The year passed, but his re-election was again refused. At first this troubled him but little. He had learnt to regard the 'subsidy' of his admirers as his right. It was due from the rich to the philosopher; and the philosopher could more effectively use his powers if all material anxieties were taken from him. This, however, was by no means the light in which the case was seen in England. Mr. Grote sent an additional six hundred francs, but a renewal of the subsidy was declined. He was dreadfully exasperated." Mr. Lewes hearing him speak indignantly of this, tried to explain it from the English point of view, but it was useless. Some words about this led to a coolness between Comte and Mill, and the cessation of their correspondence, which both valued. "It was," says Mr. Lewes, "in the year 1845 that he first met Madame Clotilde de Vaux. There was a strange similarity in their widowed conditions. She was irrevocably separated from her husband by a crime which had condemned him to the galleys for life; yet, although morally free, she was legally bound to the man whose disgrace overshadowed her. Comte, also, was irrevocably separated from his wife by her voluntary departure; and, although morally free, was legally bound. Marriage being thus, unhappily, impossible, they had only the imperfect yet inestimable consolation of a pure and passionate friendship. . . . It was in the early days of this attachment that I first saw him; and, in the course of our very first interview, he spoke of her with an expansiveness which greatly interested me. When I next saw him he was as expansive in his grief at her irreparable loss; and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he detailed her many perfections. His happiness had lasted but one year. Her death made no change in his devotion. She underwent a transfiguration. Her subjective immortality became a real presence to his mystical affection. The remainder of his life was a perpetual hymn to her mem-

ory. Every week he visited her tomb. Every day he prayed to her and invoked her continual assistance."

LITERARY ITEMS FROM THE CONTINENT.

There is no doubt that the publication of the correspondence of Napoleon I. is revolutionizing the judgment of the world concerning him. How could he have failed to see the ludicrousness of the following (Vol. 18) written to the legislative body:

"A part of my army is marching against the forces which England has organized or disembarked in the Peninsula. It is a mark of the power of that Providence who on all occasions has blessed our arms, that passion has so blinded the counsels of England that she renounces the protection of the seas, and at last shows her troops on the continent."

But of all exquisite absurdities the most exquisite is the "Little Corporal" preaching the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

"I have every reason," he says, "to be satisfied with my clergy in France and Italy. They know that thrones are of God, and that the greatest crime in his eyes, because it is that which is most fatal to mankind, is to weaken the respect and affection that are due to sovereigns."

M. Barriero has decided to appeal not to the Emperor, but to the public, against the censorship which prohibited his play, "Malheur aux Vaincus." He has printed it. It is worth little. The first act (for which probably it was prohibited) represents Napoleon I. at Malmaison deserted by his adherents, and secretly mocked by the domestics. One of his friends, who had always professed the greatest attachment for him, gives a grand ball to celebrate his downfall. A group of flunkies in the courtyard joke about the matter. "The Sovereigns," cries the wit of the party, "will enter by the Barrière du Trône; the Emperor will depart by that of Enfer, the Empress by that of the Vertus, the senators by that of the Bonshommes, and, while the Councillors of State pass out by the Bâillon, the National Guard will go by Pantin." The scene closes with a tableau representing the departure of Napoleon. Perhaps the censorship was right in suspecting that the representation of such an incident might lead to awkward reflections on the part of the audience as to the permanence of popular enthusiasm and the stability of thrones.

The committee of the "Schiller Union" of Marbach once more appeal to the German nation to assist them in erecting a statue of the poet at his birthplace. The first appeal was made in 1835, and the second in 1858, when the house in which the poet was born was acquired as national property. In 1859 the foundation of a monument was laid on the "Schiller-höhe," but whether there is ever to be a superstructure depends on the present effort to raise funds.

The important collection of historical documents relative to medieval Germany, hitherto edited by a committee of eminent German scholars under the title of "Monumenta Germaniæ Historica," is about to be discontinued. The society under whose auspices it has been carried out has been dissolved, and there is little prospect of the German government acceding to the petition for an annual subsidy of 6,000 florins for the next ten years.

The course of lectures of M. Guizot fils was begun on Thursday at the Collège de France. M. Guizot père was present, and was enthusiastically received by the students, who, after the lecture, escorted him to his residence in the Rue du Bac. The proceedings were watched by a numerous body of policemen.

There is quite a colony of French men of letters at Nice just now. MM. Philarrète-Charles, Cousin, and St. Marc Girardin are there. Alphonse Karr spends the leisure he saves from gardening in preparing a drama drawn from his well-known novel "Sous les Tilleuls."

The Imperial Commissioners of the Universal Exhibition of 1867 invite propositions for the performance of international dramas and concerts, and also for the establishment of a club adjoining the railway station for the use of exhibitors. It has been decided to admit the book-trade as a special department at the Exhibition. It will bear the name "Matériel et application des arts libéraux."

Two millions of almanacs, published by Oberthur, of Rennes, are circulated in France by the postmen, in acknowledgment of the New Year's presents they receive, and of these 200,000 are distributed in Paris alone. Between December 27 and January 15 upwards of five millions of letters and three and a half millions of open envelopes, containing visiting cards, pass through the general post-office in Paris.

OBITUARY.

Jean Frederic Auguste Pouchard, one of the most accomplished musicians of the century, died in Paris (6th inst.), aged 77. He obtained the first prize, in 1810, for

singing, and the second in lyric tragedy and comedy: distinguished himself in many operas; retired in 1834, and became professor at the Conservatoire, where he taught many excellent pupils—among them Madame Prevost and Mlle. Caillault, to the latter of whom he was married.

In Vienna died a few days ago (aged 81) Henry Anschütz, the first of the German actors. He was one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—of *King Lear* in the world.

The Rev. Barton Bonchier, a Wiltshire (England) rector, recently died, at the age of 70. He was the son of the Rev. Jonathan Bonchier (an adopted son of George Washington), and was the author of several religious works.

The following are some of the principal Frenchmen who have died in 1865: M. Royer-Collard, professor of the faculty of law; M. Leclercq, the philologist; M. de Bazancourt, the historian of the Italian war; MM. Dumanoir, Melesville, and Dupenty, the three most fertile vaudevillists of the time; M. Froudhon, M. Bixio, M. Dupin, the Duke de Morny, and M. Saintine.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, the German exile and scholar, is about to deliver a series of German lectures in London, on the "Objects of Artistic and Scientific Interest in the great Metropolis."

Professor Huxley's inauguration of the Sunday evening series of lectures was a brilliant affair. It will appear in the "Fortnightly Review."

Mr. Trübner makes a casual appeal that America should not forget George Catlin, the distinguished traveler among the Indians. But America is the only nation that takes no thought for her literary sons.

Miss Harriet Martineau (I suppose) pays a warm tribute to W. L. Garrison in the columns of the *Daily News*, apropos of that reformer's setting up in type with his own hand, in one of the closing numbers of the *Liberator*, Mr. Seward's proclamation of the adoption of the constitutional amendment.

Mazzini is quite ill.

M. D. C.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, January 29, 1866.

WILLIAM PENN, albeit a Quaker, must have been a genial man, if we may apply the rules of Lavater to his full and good-natured face. That broad disk, surmounting an ample rotundity of person, must have been finally achieved by numerous good dinners and suppers. He used to brew his own ale, after the custom of his country (he was a Londoner, though his father was born in "the beautiful city called Cork"), and preferred to drink it out of delicate lipped crystal glasses, on tall stems, like the champagne beakers formerly in use, and a spiral thread of white wound itself inside the thin stem. I have one of them in view as I write, a regular Venetian glass, made, nearly two centuries ago, in the glass-houses of Murano—that little island, not quite in the Adriatic, but as much on it as is Venice herself, being not only within the Lagoon, but not further from the multo-canaled city than Staten Island is from New York. Deeply cut upon this tall glass, on the outer surface, are the true emblems of the liquor it dispensed—the hop, with its fine leaf and tendrils, and the full ears of Sir John Barley-corn. Not being much of a martinet, this good-natured William Penn did not follow the example of his country men, who, thinking that all except spiritual excitement (I say spiritual and not spirituous) was wicked, subjected New England to the tender mercies of the Blue Laws. Penn, though he planned and partly built a rectilinear city, evidently was not a very straight-laced man. He used to play at bowls (the record says), and also at "the mall," which last sport he had picked up, no doubt, in his courtier days, when, though he would not take off his hat in the presence of his father, the admiral, or even of the king (this was after the Restoration), he was hand-in-glove with his majesty, and eventually coaxed out of him a grant of what is now known as Pennsylvania, but which, originally, was a considerably larger territory. Yet, with all his good-nature and geniality—defining the latter as a man's much enjoying himself when, where, and how he can—it may be doubted whether he would have been quite pleased with the doings in his own fair City of Brotherly Love within the last few days. It may indeed be doubted whether he would have patronized masked balls. There was a masked ball at our Academy of Music on Tuesday night; there was another on Thursday, and there will be a third, at the same place, to-night. Moreover there will be a semi-masked ball there in February.

What is called the Mænnerchor Society (which means the men's chorus) had a subscription *bal masque* on Tuesday. Our Academy of Music is about as large as that in New York, and it is a pleasant thing to see the parquet floored over; the stage raised from the fall where, in opera-time, the foot-lights are placed, and the audience part of the house crowded with well-dressed lookers-on. The Mænnerchor, as its name signifies, is a German institution. Now, of all people on the face of the earth, the Germans go in, and go out, for allowing their whole family to enjoy themselves. Hence, men, women, and children are allowed to participate; many of the young ladies and young gentlemen on this occasion were certainly under ten years of age. *N'importe!* The tiniest member of the Teutonic race can dance almost as soon as he or she can walk. At this Mænnerchor, of course, there was some singing, to maintain the established character and object of the society. There were two orchestras, almost continuously in full play or blast, and the festivities opened with the fair scene from Flotow's opera of "Martha," in which the acting as well as the vocalism was amusing. The variety of characters was greater than on any former occasion. One great novelty was the introduction of an egg, vast as that seen by Sindbad the sailor in the "Arabian Nights." Suddenly out of this mammoth egg jumped on the floor almost as great a variety of wild beasts, with a sprinkling of birds, as voyaged with Noah in the ark. Each gave the peculiar utterance of its kind, and an animal Babel was thus created, as they formed a procession, headed by a giant, and joined by a number of Indians mounted on Shetland ponies. Thrice this procession paced around the house, and finally marched back, every one, into the huge egg which had first sent them forth. This contrivance, very well carried out, was the result of the grotesque ingenuity of the German Society itself.

The second masked ball, entitled "La Coterie Carnival," an individual speculation of Mr. P. E. Abel and the Messrs. Risley, was a still greater success, certainly as far as numbers went, than the preceding. Every seat in the auditorium was occupied; the body of the house was so crowded that dancing was difficult. At least one half the company wore rich fancy dresses. There were three bands (one in the entrance hall); and a select crowd of eight hundred persons who desired to enter as lookers-on had to be told that they must keep their money in their purses, for there literally was no room for them. Some idea of the crowd may be obtained from the fact that there were served up in the supper-room, among a great amount of other viands, 15,000 fried and 20,000 stewed oysters. The opening of the "La Coterie Ball" was very beautiful. The scene of St. Mark's, Venice, was set at the extremity of the stage, and gondolas were constantly passing to and fro, not as idle as painted ships upon a painted ocean. Nothing finer than this scene, with the imitative waters, has ever before been exhibited in any theater in this city. This was the fourth annual ball of "La Coterie."

To-night the Young Mænnerchor Carnival will take place. No one will be allowed on the floor unless in fancy costume or wearing a mask until twelve o'clock. A musical overture at nine will commence proceedings, then dancing, and at ten, when Prince Carnival will arrive, all the company must retire to their seats—literally leaving "a clear stage and no favor;" but as no audience tickets will be sold, the object being to leave the whole house to the company, this will be easy. Prince Carnival, richly attired, will be received, he and his retinue, with great pomp, and a ball given in honor of his presence. It is whispered that some of his retinue will be mounted on real horses. The intercalary ball ended, the real ball will begin on the prince's invitation, and on his departure, at midnight, masks may be removed. Other novelties are talked of, but the above is all that is known.

The La Coterie Blanche give their third "fancy dress hop" (fancy the designating a splendid ball as a hop!) on the 7th of February, and "masks will not be allowed under any circumstances." The number of admissions will be limited, and this is designed to make the affair particularly select. This is the third annual ball, or "hop," of La Coterie Blanche, and the last of the season. Its managers will have the advantage of seeing what was done at the other balls.

To-day appears the first number of a new evening paper called the *Stage*, devoted to dramatic and musical criticism, literature, and intelligence (it will give the latest telegraphic news), of which John W. Forney, jr., assistant editor of the *Press*, is proprietor and conductor. It will start with a strong advertising patronage, and will be distributed gratuitously, particularly in all places of public amusement and the hotels. There is ample field here for such a paper.

R. S. M.

WALT WHITMAN AND MR. HARLAN.

WASHINGTON, January 26, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Allow me a few words of reply to Mr. Charles Lanman's extraordinary letter in your last issue respecting the accusation brought against Mr. Harlan by my pamphlet, "The Good Gray Poet."

As the statements of that letter are unfounded in every particular, they are probably as unauthorized as they are gratuitous. Nobody ever charged that Mr. Whitman was removed by the Secretary of the Interior "because of his religious opinions." I certainly made no such charge, nor did your reviewer.

Mr. Lanman's other assertions are equally hardy. It is not true that Mr. Whitman was removed because "he was wholly unfit to perform the duties which were assigned to his desk." On the contrary, Mr. Harlan himself said at the time of the dismissal that he had no fault to find with Mr. Whitman in regard to the performance of his official duties, but that he was discharged solely and only for being the author of "Leaves of Grass." Nor is it true that Mr. Whitman was removed because he published and circulated in the department any volume whatever. "Leaves of Grass" was published years ago, and has for some time been out of print. "Drum Taps," Mr. Whitman's recent book, consists mainly of poems of the war, and does not contain one word that even Mr. Harlan could accuse.

This disposes of Mr. Lanman's statements. But I note the color he gives his letter by the insinuated word "drunkards;" and whenever he has the courage to put that as a charge which he has only ventured to put as an innuendo, I may deal with it and him.

The facts are precisely as I have stated them in my pamphlet, and, whatever rejoinder any volunteer may choose to hazard, those facts Mr. Harlan himself will never deny.

You will, perhaps, permit me this opportunity to express my obligations to your reviewer. In his notice of my pamphlet he says that the Secretary of the Interior "deserved and deserves to be pilloried in the contempt of thinking men for this wanton insult to literature in the person of Mr. Whitman." I thank him for those words. Coupled with such a condemnation of the outrage I denounce, no affront, no ridicule heaped on me or my writings can excite in my mind any feeling unmixed with gratitude. Shaftesbury, in England, is, if report says truly, a bigot peer, and Walter Savage Landor wrote poems which almost rivaled the license of the Roman; but if ever the lord, as the head of a department, had dismissed the poet from an official station for his verses, the British press, whatever it thought of the poetry, would have stirred for John o' Groat's to Land's End with a tumult of denunciation whose impulse would have swept over the continent. I want a similar spirit here; and it matters very little what is said of my compositions, if the press and people of this country, by their resentment at an attempt to impose checks and penalties on intellectual liberty and the freedom of letters, and by their rebuke of a gross violation of the proprieties of the administration of a great department, show that they are not below the decent level of Europe.

Very respectfully,

WM. D. O'CONNOR.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Social Life of the Chinese. By Rev. Justus Doolittle. 1865. 2 vols. Pp. 459, 490.
Willson's Third Reader. 1865. Pp. 216.
- W. J. WIDDLETON, New York.—Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the past Sixty Years. By John W. Francis, M.D., LL.D. With a memoir of the author by Henry T. Tuckerman. 1865. Pp. 400.
- Poems relating to the American Revolution. By Philip Freneau. With an introductory memoir and notes by Evert A. Duyckinck. 1865. Pp. 288.
- BLELOCK & Co., New York.—The War, its Causes and Consequences. By C. C. S. Farrar. 1861. Pp. 260.
- F. A. BRADY, New York.—The Cardinal's Daughter. By Robert Mackenzie Daniels. 1866. Pp. 174.
- CARLTON & PORTER, New York.—The Centenary of American Methodism. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. 1866. Pp. 287.
- JAMES POTT, New York.—Household Prayers for Four Weeks. By Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A. 1866. Pp. 179.
- Questions on the Harmony of the Gospels. By Mrs. M. E. S. Clark. 1866. Pp. 143.
- The English Language. By Francis L. Hawks. 1866. Pp. 75.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Ballads and Translations. By Constantina E. Brooke. 1866. Pp. 144.
- BUNCE & HUNTINGTON, New York.—Mildred's Wedding. By Francis Derrick. 1866. Pp. 176.
- MILLER, WOOD & Co., New York.—Alcoholic Medication. By R. T. Trall, M.D. 1866. Pp. 48.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

The first attempts to sew by machinery date as far back as the year 1755; but the practicability of the sewing machine as a substitute for hand labor, in uniting fabrics by means of seams of continuous stitches, was not fully established until nearly a century later. The inventive minds of Europe failed in their efforts to reduce to practice the idea of machine-sewing, and it was left for the genius of America to produce and give to the world the first practical sewing machine. Of the usefulness of this invention it is unnecessary to speak at this late day. The prejudices that impeded its early introduction have long since been swept away by the stern facts which its everyday successes practically demonstrate, and for the last ten years the sewing machine has been universally recognized as a necessity in the manufacture or putting together of every known description of textile fabric, and an important addition to the household economy.

As manufacturers and inventors, GROVER & BAKER are the most prominent names identified with the sewing machine. Elias Howe invented the Shuttle Stitch Machine, but did not manufacture more than were necessary to use as models in his lawsuits, until after the sewing machine was made practical and useful by subsequent inventors. A. B. Wilson improved on the feeding mechanism of Howe's machine, and invented a substitute for the Howe shuttle in the rotary hook of the Wheeler & Wilson Machine, which makes the shuttle stitch by a different mechanism. Grover & Baker invented the machine making the Grover & Baker elastic stitch, and have been manufacturing their machines ever since the taking out of their patent. There are over 150,000 of the Grover & Baker Elastic Stitch Machines now in use, which is abundant evidence that the excellences of this stitch are appreciated by the public.

Soon after Howe's invention became known, a number of manufacturers of sewing machines appeared in the field, each with some little attachment or improvement, on the strength of which they sought to identify themselves with the sewing machine in the public mind. Nearly all these made shuttle stitch machines, and it was their interest in common to cry down and damage, to the extent of their ability, their formidable rival, the Grover & Baker Elastic Stitch Machine; and no means, honorable or otherwise, were spared by them to prejudice the public against it. Despite all this opposition, the Grover & Baker machines gradually but surely worked their way into the foremost place in public favor, relying solely on their intrinsic and manifest merit over other machines.

As further evidence of their great popularity, we may state that they have been awarded the highest premiums at all the state fairs at which they were entered in competition the past three years, and at hundreds of institute and county fairs. They have also been awarded gold medals and diplomas at various exhibitions of England, France, Spain, and Austria, and have been furnished by command to the Empress of France, Empress of Russia, Empress of Brazil, Queen of Spain, and Queen of Bavaria.

Keeping pace with the growing demand for their machines, Grover & Baker increased their facilities for manufacturing, and invented and built new machinery, of the most perfect kind, adapted to all the parts of the sewing machine. The company's manufactory is at Boston, and they have wholesale depots in all the principal cities of the Union: In London and Liverpool, England, and Melbourne, Australia. Agencies are also established in all the other leading cities of the Old World, and in almost every village of the New. The company conduct twenty-four establishments in their own name, and employ in connection with them 300 clerks, salesmen, mechanics, and operators. At the factory, in the manufacture of machines, stands, cabinets, etc., between four and five hundred hands are employed, capable of turning out, complete, from thirty to forty thousand machines per annum. The principal depot for foreign export is at 495 Broadway, New York, at which place a large retail trade is also done. This establishment is three stories in front, and extends through to Mercer Street, 200 feet. Unique in design and magnificently fitted up, it ranks among the first of the commercial palaces of Broadway, and is wholly occupied by their business.

The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine makes a double-thread elastic stitch, and forms a seam of great strength and beauty, peculiarly adapted for family sewing and the manufacture of goods where firmness and elasticity of seam are required. The mechanism of the machine is simple, the parts few, its movements quiet, and the method of operating it easily acquired. It uses the thread directly from the spool as purchased. One side of the seam can be made highly ornamental for embroidering, by using colored silk or worsted.

The following extracts from testimony taken on oath in a recent case before the Hon. Commissioner of Patents we consider conclusive proof of the superiority of the Grover & Baker Elastic Stitch Machine for nearly all the uses to which machine-sewing can be applied:

EDWARD S. RENWICK, of New York City, a professional engineer, says:

"The seam produced, while secure, is extremely elastic, and can be strained to as great an extent as the cloth in which it is sewed without the fracture of the threads, while the two-thread seams, sewed by machines not embodying the said Grover & Baker's invention, are easily fractured by straining the cloth, particularly when bias seams are sewed. The Grover & Baker machines are, therefore, adapted to sewing a great variety of articles which cannot be sewed advantageously by other sewing machines."

MRS. BELLINA FROELICH, of 123 East Seventeenth Street, New York, says:

"I have had personal experience of four years and a half, during which time I have used it for all the various wants of a large family on all materials; have made ornamental work with it, quilting, tucking; and for dress-making purposes I have found it to answer my ends perfectly. The machine I used was the Grover & Baker Family Sewing Machine. I have had work performed for me on other family sewing-machines—the Wheeler & Wilson and Singer; am rather familiar with their mode of operation. I am of the opinion that the elasticity of the seams made on the Grover & Baker Family Sewing Machine is of great value for all garments of family wear, particularly those subjected to washing and ironing. It is not very liable to get out of order; easy to operate on and easy to learn to operate on; not complicated, easily

managed, easy to adjust its parts, and the spools are easily attached, without the necessity of winding both above and below, as the machine sews directly from the spools as purchased; the tension is easily regulated, and does not vary, and does not require readjustment in passing from light to heavy work. As to strength and durability of seam I can testify, having garments in use during four and a half years, which have been constantly subjected to washing, wringing, and ironing, and which have given out in the fabric before the seam has shown any sign of weakness. In my judgment it is, beyond all question, the best family sewing-machine in use."

MRS. MARY A. PARKER, wife of Dr. WILLARD PARKER, of New York, says:

"Since the introduction of sewing machines, and during the last ten years, I have been particularly interested in ascertaining their relative merits and real value as instruments for domestic use in families. I am familiar with the leading machines in the market for family use. In my judgment, established from long observation and experience, the Grover & Baker Machine, making the Grover & Baker Stitch, is decidedly superior to any other for family use. This machine makes at the same time a stronger and more elastic seam than any other; is capable of doing a greater variety of work with less change of adjustment than any other; and, in addition to the work accomplished by other machines, is capable of doing ornamental work and embroidery. I think it would be difficult to estimate too highly the value of the Grover & Baker Machine as an instrument for family use."

MRS. SARAH EDWARDS, proprietor of store 745 Broadway, New York, says:

"I am proprietor of the establishment for the manufacture and sale of children and ladies' furnishing goods No. 745 Broadway, New York. I am thoroughly and practically acquainted with the merits of the leading sewing machines in the market adapted to my business, or for fine sewing. I have used machines for several years, and state, with the utmost confidence, that the Grover & Baker Machine is superior to any other for fine family and general work. Although I have other machines making the shuttle or lock stitch of high reputation, I would not use any other than the Grover & Baker upon work when elasticity and strength of seam are required. The capacity of the Grover & Baker Machine for doing ornamental work, in addition to plain sewing, is of much importance and value."

FRANK A. ALLEN, of the firm of ALLEN BROTHERS, manufacturers of cloaks and mantillas, New York, says:

"It is very much more simple than any other machine; so much so, that I have learned a person who had never seen any machine, in two hours' time, to run it well enough to stitch a cloak. As regards durability, I have machines that are now running which I have had in use six years, running them at least six months in each year. They seldom get out of order, and require but a very small expense to repair them. As compared with other machines, as regards elasticity, durability, and strength of stitch, we find it much better in all these points than any other machine we have used. Much of the material used in the manufacture of cloaks is very elastic, and requires absolutely an elastic stitch. This we have never found in any other machine than the Grover & Baker sufficient for the purpose. I have used one in my family about five years, on all kinds of work—fine, thick, and thin; and we gave it the preference over other machines on account of its simplicity, and the elasticity and strength of the stitch, and the readiness or facility with which any article of dress can be ornamented or embroidered."—*Independent*.

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